

CURTIS LeMAY ROBERT G. SHERR.

THE

NATION

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NOVEMBER WATERSHED NEW ISSUES, NEW COALITIONS

JOHN T. DEMPSEY

DEMOCRATS FOR '72

TED SMEBAKKEN

Death in Stockton **No Ordinary Black Man** MARTIN SMITH

JOHN BARTH BY ALFRED APPEL, Jr.
CESAR VALLEJO BY JOHN KNOEPFLE

Israeli Book Marks MICHAEL J. BANDLER

LETTERS

ate

rg, Pa.

SIRS: You merit respect as veteran opponents of punishment and no doubt hoped to advance the abolitionist cause with your editorial on "Playing God" (*Nation*, Sept. 2). Alas, your means betrayed your cause. Dragging Pat Brown out of his deserved obscurity to say a few words against legal murder is the rough equivalent of asking Humphrey for his mature reflections on self-reliance, or inviting Curtis LeMay to lecture on the sanctity of life. By his own admission, Brown refused to stand between the gas chamber and forty-two of the sixty victims whose cases came before him as governor of California. A "notably kindly" man, you say?

When you come right down to it, a weeping executioner is more offensive than an impassive professional. And were Brown also to repent—now that political pressures have subsided—of having supported Johnson's war, having sent cops onto the Berkeley campus, having smeared an opponent for "being soft on homosexuals," this would hardly make him an authority on decency and courage. The liberal will to destruction followed by prudently deferred regrets—this has by now become an established tradition in the Democratic Center.

So Brown, stripped of his power, now wishes that he "had commuted every single one" of the capital punishment cases. Bravo! So do I; but can't our reluctant executioner hear ghosts, among them Chessman's, snickering from death row?

Richard Drinnon

a vote for Hayes?

Aberdeen, Miss.

DEAR SIR: Those who oppose the election of Humphrey are burying the second Reconstruction. This is 1876 and Nixon is Hayes, though not as kind or honest. The sell-out of the first Reconstruction caused more American deaths than the Vietnamese War—and among both races; the end of the second will cause even more. The South won the Civil War politically in 1876; will it win it again in 1968?

Charles G. Hamilton

Huxley papers

London, Eng.

DEAR SIR: I have been invited by Alfred A. Knopf and Harper & Row to write the official biography of the late Aldous Huxley, with the consent and cooperation of his widow and family.

I should be very grateful if any of your readers who knew Aldous Huxley personally, or who had dealings of any kind with him, or who may have documents which would be of assistance to me, would be so kind as to get in touch with me through Alfred A. Knopf, 501 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10022. Any documents sent to Knopf will be copied and returned at once.

Sybil Bedford

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EDITORIALS

As We See It

Most voters are understandably unhappy with the three leading Presidential contenders, Nixon, Humphrey and Wallace. An appalling percentage of ballots this November are going to be cast "against" rather than "for." Even many of those who vote for Wallace and LeMay—at least outside the Deep South—will be casting protest votes.

Comments on the choice offered voters range from "dismal" (Walter Lippmann) and "distasteful" (Tom Wicker of *The New York Times*) to the unprintable. Apart from the Wallace constituency, those who have decided to vote despite their dismay and distress will be influenced in the main by one or the other of the following arguments. Some feel, as Mr. Lippmann does, that the Republican Party, even with Nixon at the helm, is better able to govern than the tired, discredited, sharply divided Democratic Party. Others argue—David Broder is one—that in the unhappy situation in which most voters now find themselves the man is more important than the party. Mr. Broder is impressed by the fact that "from the rich array of talent in the Republican Party, Richard Nixon chose Spiro T. Agnew for his Vice Presidential candidate," while "in the supposed ruins of the Democratic Party, Hubert Humphrey found Edmund S. Muskie."

While *The Nation* is inclined to agree with much of what Mr. Lippmann has to say about the Republican Party, if we were to make a selection on the basis of likability, we could discover in ourselves a preference for Humphrey and Muskie. But a central issue in this year's election transcends parties and personalities. In the 1964 campaign the electorate was offered what it had every right to assume was a choice—not an echo—on the vital issue of the war in Vietnam. The choice seemed clear-cut: a military victory through escalation (Goldwater) or "no wider war" (Johnson), which implied an honest effort to seek settlement through negotiation. The electorate gave Johnson an overwhelming mandate to pursue the policy he had unambiguously stated, but even before Election Day he had quietly set in motion preparations for escalation. In retrospect, the dubious Gulf of Tonkin resolution, so frequently cited as the basic authorization, appears to have been part of the President's advance planning for the unannounced course of action he had determined to follow. A self-respecting electorate would be most unwise to permit such a deliberate deception on a matter involving the honor and security of the United States to go unrebuked. We recognize, with Lincoln, that an element of moral ambiguity may be inherent in politics, but there are limits beyond which ambiguity cannot be made to stretch. We consider the President's deception about his intentions in 1964 to be an affront to the ethics of political leadership in a democratic society.

We could not possibly have endorsed President Johnson if he had sought re-election, regardless of whom the Republicans might have nominated. Nor can we endorse Vice President Humphrey, even though Richard Nixon is

his principal opponent. We have not forgotten that when the Administration—with the cooperation of N.B.C.—decided to rebuke Martin Luther King after he had come out against the Vietnamese War, it was Mr. Humphrey who undertook the unsavory assignment. We have never thought of the Vice President as merely a loyal lieutenant serving a general of whose policies he disapproved. On the contrary, we have always assumed that the Vice President agreed with the President's policies, including the decision to escalate the war; his own statements over the last four years, delivered with characteristic fervor, make his position quite clear. To assume otherwise would be to place a very low evaluation indeed on the Vice President's courage, intelligence and integrity.

Nor can we endorse the Nixon-Agnew ticket—not even as a protest, not even to offset the possibility that Wallace may tumble the election into the House. As we have said many times, while we regard Nixon as an intelligent, hard-working, astute politician, we also regard him as a man without settled principles, values or convictions—a view that finds striking confirmation in his egregiously irresponsible selection of Spiro T. Agnew for a running mate. If Nixon gets to the White House (a prospect we do not relish), he will owe his election to the performance of the Johnson-Humphrey Administration, capped by the disgraceful spectacle of the Chicago convention. We see no need to say what we think about the Wallace-LeMay ticket. In deciding to make no endorsement, we have considered the possibility that the election may be thrown into the House, but we do not think this likely (see article on page 425 of this issue).

It has been urged that failure to endorse the Humphrey-Muskie ticket will injure the chances of some excellent Democratic nominees, but in our view these nominees will fare better to the extent that they can separate their campaigns from the national ticket. Humphrey not only has no coattails to offer them; he is trying to ride on Muskie's. We are impressed by the fact that many of the Congressional leaders of the Democratic Party who were for Humphrey before and during the Chicago convention are now unwilling to give his candidacy active support, although most of them would welcome the support of Senator McCarthy. If the Vice President had spoken out against what happened at Chicago, in the convention and on the streets, he might have been able to restore a measure of unity. Critics within the party, Humphrey complains, have not rallied to his support. The fact is that the Johnson-Meany-Daley axis has done nothing to help these critics and is, in a variety of ways, conniving at their defeat. In Illinois, for example, the Democratic Senatorial nominee, William Clark, is not receiving the party support to which he is clearly entitled.

It is said, also, that if the Democratic nominees for President and Vice President are defeated, the party will fall apart and the pieces will be picked up by the old guard. But the Democratic Party is not going to fall apart, and the forces of the "New Politics" have a good chance in 1972 to win the victory they did not win this year. Time is running out on such bosses as Barr, Tate and Daley, and on such "labor leaders" as George Meany. Even though the All-Negro National Committee of In-

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quiry has voted not to endorse Humphrey (he notified Rep. John Conyers on September 25 that he did not have time to meet with the committee, a broadly based group of Negro moderates and militants with 1,000 members in thirty-two states, to discuss issues of interest to Negroes!), those Negroes who do vote, North and South, will probably be for Humphrey and Muskie. In many states the effect may well be to make Negroes the base of the Democratic Party, which this year has been deserted by so many of the elements that made up the New Deal coalition. Julian Bond, the Rev. Channing Phillips, Charles Evers, Aaron Henry and others are campaigning for the Humphrey-Muskie ticket—not with an excess of enthusiasm but to preserve the position that Negroes have won in the party. It is reasonable to assume, therefore, that the party will be refashioned between now and 1972 through pressures operating from within, such as the New Democratic Coalition (see article on page 427) and from without, such as the New Party, the Wallace adherents and the various new national constituencies.

It is said, finally, that citizens are always under an obligation to vote, even though they may not like the proffered choices. But this ignores the fact that abstaining is a kind of vote—a vote of no confidence (Wisconsin provides a place on the ballot to register such a protest)—and that under present circumstances it can be a very effective way of using the franchise. Old coalitions are falling apart, new coalitions are trying to form. As long as the electorate dutifully lines up behind the candidates whom the Democratic and Republican Party professionals see fit to run, the professionals will continue to offer candidates whose chief virtue is that they defer to the professionals. But let it be seen that a significant segment of the public has emancipated itself from a fanciful duty to vote for someone—anyone—and is reserving its endorsement for a candidate it likes, then the parties will find such men. (That they would not be hard to find was evidenced this year by the presence of Governor Rockefeller in Miami and Senator McCarthy in Chicago.) A “lesser evil” is still an evil (usually a hack). What this country must seek is a greater good. Whereas reasons can be cited for voting for Nixon or voting for Humphrey, there are at least as good reasons this time around for passing: the country might get a new deck of cards.

We hope nonetheless that there will be a large turn-out of voters on November 5. The feeling of distaste expressed by many voters for the Presidential nominees gives added importance to the contests in the Senate and House. Here is where voters sharing our point of view should invest their time, money and energy. Candidates endorsed by *The Nation* include the following:

Senators Seeking Re-election. Fulbright, McGovern, Morse, Church, Nelson, Ribicoff, Clark, Gruening (a write-in). We call attention to the fact that four of these are members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—Fulbright, Clark, Morse and Church.

Senatorial Nominees. Clark (Illinois), Cranston (California), Eagleton (Missouri)—with a cheer or two for his Republican opponent, Rep. Thomas Curtis, who has been a consistent critic of the draft and of present levels of military spending—O'Dwyer (New York), Gilligan

(Ohio), Hughes (Iowa), Collins (Florida), and Mathias (Maryland)—a Republican.

Representatives Seeking Re-election. Arizona: Morris K. Udall, 2 CD; California: John Moss, 3 CD; Phil Burton, 5 CD; Don Edwards, 9 CD; Augustus Hawkins, 21 CD; George Brown, 29 CD; Edward Roybal, 30 CD. Illinois: Sidney R. Yates, 9 CD. Indiana: John Brademas, 3 CD. Iowa: John Culver, 2 CD; Neal Smith, 5 CD. Michigan: John Conyers, 1 CD; Donald Reigle, 7 CD; Charles C. Diggs, Jr., 13 CD. Missouri: Richard Bolling, 5 CD. New Jersey: Frank Thompson, 4 CD. New York: Benjamin S. Rosenthal, 8 CD; William F. Ryan, 20 CD; James H. Scheuer, 21 CD; Jonathan H. Bingham, 23 CD; Richard Ottinger, 25 CD; John Dow, 27 CD. Ohio: Charles Vanik, 21 CD. Oregon: Edith Green, 3 CD. Texas: Ken Eckhardt, 8 CD; Henry B. Gonzales, 20 CD. Wisconsin: Robert Kastenmeier, 2 CD; Henry Reuss, 5 CD.

New Contenders. Alabama: William Branch, 5 CD. California: Urban Whittaker, 11 CD; Stanley K. Sheinbaum, 13 CD; Fred Warner Neal, 26 CD. Connecticut: Robert Cook (Independent), 3 CD. Georgia: Charles Weltner, 5 CD. Illinois: Abner J. Mikva, 2 CD; Marc Karson, 14 CD. Massachusetts: Chandler Harrison Stevens, 3 CD. New Hampshire: David Hoeh, 2 CD. New York: Allard Lowenstein, 5 CD; Franklin Miller, 6 CD; James Farmer, 12 CD; Edward L. Koch, 17 CD; Paul Davidoff, 26 CD.

Columbia: Onus of Violence

In the lull between police actions at Columbia last spring, members of the faculty appointed an investigating commission headed by Archibald Cox, a Harvard University professor of law and former U.S. Assistant Solicitor General. The release of the Cox Commission Report in the form of a paperback volume entitled *Crisis at Columbia* (Random House) will help to correct some of the false impressions promulgated by the news media about Columbia's campus insurrection.

In the carefully measured cadences of a lawyer's brief, the report redistributes the onus of the disturbances, hitherto heaped largely upon the students, to all the other participants: administration, trustees, faculty, police and community. The report definitively abolishes from respectable discourse the demonologic theory that Columbia's troubles began when Mark Rudd and a few others got past the Admissions Committee. It flatly rejects “the view that ascribes the April and May disturbances primarily to a conspiracy of student revolutionaries.” In this reassessment, it is impossible to avoid the implication, however much explicitly rejected by the commission, that Columbia University's trustees and administrators were inept and intransigent in their handling of the issues and events. As adults and as executives who seek the responsibility of husbanding the university's well-being, the members of an administration must hold themselves accountable to higher standards of truth, charity and efficiency than any other segment of the university. One can safely draw the conclusion that the students were correct when they insisted that the administration's claim to authority was

impaired by arbitrary and unresponsive attitudes and practices. The report describes the administration's "cold indifference," its "resort to improvisation," its analyses and expectations which "proved utterly false," and its willingness to match SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) in "mutual desire" . . . for . . . "further confrontation." The report also dispels any doubts about the symbolic if not immediate seriousness and justice of the two principal demands of the strikers: abandonment of the racially embroiled gymnasium and severance of institutional ties with the war-embroiled Institute for Defense Analysis.

The commissioners evidently share large areas of agreement with the dissident faculty and striking students; yet they strongly condemn the refusal of the students to come out of the buildings when ordered to do so by the administration under threat of forcible eviction by the police. Faculty who stood before the buildings and who thus encouraged the students are also severely condemned.

The report attributes the large-scale injury and excessive violence—veritable police riots—ultimately to a peculiarly long list of imperfect arrangements and negative features associated with Columbia University: substandard dormitories; overcommitted and underpaid faculty; unrepresentative trustees; urban blight. The commissioners, whose exemplary commitment to the defense of liberal values and rule of law shines through on every page, might have pondered an alternative interpretation of Columbia as a university. It may very well turn out that the thousands of Columbia students who have now learned the art and acquired the courage of resisting illegitimate and corrupted authority will be needed in the darkening perspective of this country's future in ways as yet unanticipated by fact-finding commissions. The reason why the unbearable tensions of the war in Vietnam, the breakdown in national political processes, and the national racial crisis achieved expression at Columbia and not elsewhere may not lie in any egregious defects of Columbia's administration, campus or facilities. In the light of Chicago, it may rather be that Columbia's faculty and student body stood closer to the realities of what it will take to prevent this country's latent potential for fascism from overwhelming the commissioners' fine-honed sense of liberal proprieties.

A keener sense of self-preservation, if not of charity, would have helped to improve this important document. Can we really condemn a college generation which is demonstrably better informed, socially and politically more involved, ethically more sensitive, and mentally and physically more courageous than the youth of any previous generation in our history? Are these not the qualities and capacities upon which the preservation of our democracy ultimately depends?

MARVIN HARRIS

The Legion vs. Marcuse

In the Joe McCarthy era, when people in show business, great and small, were being blacklisted by professional Red-hunters, local officials of veterans organizations, were often the most effective agents in striking terror into the not very courageous hearts of the TV and radio producers.

Now Gladwin Hill reveals in *The New York Times* (October 6) that the current agitation against Prof. Herbert Marcuse at the University of California, San Diego, was started by Harry L. Foster, the 69-year-old judge-advocate of the American Legion county organization.

A "semi-retired" construction engineer, Foster had never heard of Marcuse until last May, when an anti-Marcuse editorial appeared in a San Diego paper and was picked up by American Legion Post No. 6. Almost overnight the post raised \$20,000 to donate to the university to buy up Marcuse's contract. The university declined the offer.

"The Marcuse matter," Foster says portentously, "was brought to my attention by certain officials of the community here whom I'm not privileged to name, who hoped the Legion would move because otherwise there might be considerable trouble on the campus here." The Legion's role, it would appear, was that of protector of the university against Marcuse, who had been accused by papers of the conservative Copley chain of "fomenting dissent." Dissent is a serious offense in San Diego County, which counts among its chief sources of revenue defense plants, no less than twenty-one military bases, and retired military personnel. The Navy-Marine payroll alone dumps \$1.2 million a day into the San Diego economy.

For a while, however, Marcuse is likely to remain a thorn in the side of San Diego's militant conservatives. The University's chancellor, Dr. William McGill, does not favor dismissing professors at the behest of the Legion and the John Birch Society; even if he did, he would find himself in difficulty with his own faculty and students, and a nucleus of liberals who read the *Los Angeles Times* in preference to the Copley papers. Two or three times a week, Dr. McGill goes around to civic clubs and similar groups, trying to convince them that Dr. Marcuse is only a man of ideas, after all, and not a menace to the government of the United States—or even of San Diego County. Although he has failed to convince many of the Marcuse-phobes, the most likely outcome is a prolonged deadlock. The university will not be the easy mark that show business was in the fifties.

Brothers in Arms

When soldiers are used against war protesters—Chicago being a case in point—the demonstrating youth frequently chant "join us" to the GIs called in to break up their street and park assemblies. But one group of Regular Army soldiers who were in the Chicago call-up didn't need to hear the chant on Michigan Avenue and in Grant Park. Stationed at Fort Hood, Tex., the forty-three black soldiers (twenty-six of them veterans of Vietnam) sat down in a parking lot and refused to budge when they learned that their new commander was to be Mayor Richard Daley. Said one:

"We feel that we've done enough for our country. We shouldn't have to go out there and do wrong to our own people. I can't see myself spraying tear gas on my fellow people."

After vain pleadings by the soldiers' division command-

er, Gen. John K. Boles, Jr., that the men give up their protest, the forty-three were arrested and led off to the Fort Hood stockade.

"A lawful order must be obeyed," said a Pentagon general. "It's as simple as that." But as *Time* observed, in one of the few published accounts of the Fort Hood soldiers' strike: "It is not, of course, by any means as simple as that." According to *Time*, "the Army may well be summoned into action in Negro ghettos in the future, and the generals are troubled by the possibility that black soldiers will find that they owe higher fealty to the black community than to the U.S. Army." "The problem is so fearful," said one officer, "that we won't even discuss these people as Negroes." The Army seems to be handling the forty-three as gingerly as court-martial justice allows.

But perhaps the problem is even greater than the Army imagines. It was evident—first in Grant Park and later in front of the Conrad Hilton Hotel (see "The Hilton Hotel Incident," *The Nation*, September 16)—that the protesters for the most part got along fine with the National Guard soldiers and that the latter seemed to feel little hostility toward the protesters. At one tense moment the Illinois National Guard was even cheered by the crowds when they replaced the brutal Chicago police force that had been surrounding the Hilton and attacking bystanders as well as members of the anti-war group.

The protesters talked freely to the National Guard soldiers, even though the latter remained silent, under orders not to respond. But there were smiles from the soldiers, and individual protesters quipped that they looked like the guy next door and asked them what they were doing pointing bayonets at their neighbors.

In this one-way conversation it was obvious that the young anti-war whites had their own ideas about soul brothers, and many of the soldiers appeared to be getting the message. Perhaps white soldiers will come to feel as did the forty-three black soldiers at Fort Hood and refuse to shove their neighbors around. Then where will the generals, the Richard Daleys and the other leaders with fixations on a distorted idea of "law and order" turn for their shock troops?

CURTIS LeMAY

A NORMAL AMERICAN KILLER

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

When Curtis LeMay was a child, he earned spending money by killing sparrows and selling them to a lady as food for her tomcat. One gathers from his autobiography, *Mission with LeMay*, that that is his happiest boyhood memory. His most exciting memory is of seeing a stunt flier die buried in mud. A lonely, plodding boy, LeMay had a vile temper which he did not learn to control, by

'Newsroom' Switches On

During the San Francisco newspaper strike last year, the local educational television station, KQED, offered an hour of news each day as an emergency measure. When the strike ended, the program went off the air. Now, however, thanks to a \$750,000 grant from the Ford Foundation, it is back, and better than ever. Mel Wax, KQED public affairs director, has assembled a group of skilled reporters who each weekday offer viewers *Newsroom*, an hour of intelligent, literate reporting and analysis.

The *Newsroom* staff does such an excellent job of digging up and interpreting the news as to make the offerings of the commercial stations seem pale and monotonous. The program brings in a wide variety of guest commentators and also runs short films on various personalities and topics. This "opening up" of the hitherto mechanical, headline-reading format for disposing of the news on the air is having an increasing influence in the San Francisco area, and KQED's innovations are now being imitated by several of the local commercial broadcasters.

It is quite likely that the *Newsroom* coverage of the Walter Baskett shooting, in which an off-duty policeman killed a 28-year-old Negro, led to the reopening of the case and to a murder indictment against the police officer. The program has offered continued and detailed coverage of this case, which is the biggest local story in San Francisco and one whose repercussions might possibly lead to the reorganization of the police department and the resignation of its chief, Thomas Cahill. *Newsroom* also keeps a sharp eye on other aspects of the San Francisco scene—race relations, education, entertainment, urban renewal, conservation, etc.

The success of this undertaking suggests that vast potentialities in television—for news programs as well as other kinds of programs—have yet to be realized. Television can be turned into a creative force by people with imagination and original ideas. The numbing commercial medium as it now exists is not the only way to fill the air.

his own admission, until he was an adult. His life at school was completely drab and uninspiring. No teacher took an interest in him: "It is a common human experience to have enjoyed, during school years, the companionship and encouragement of some particular teacher. . . . I don't remember anything of that sort occurring to me." Outside school, he seems to have worked constantly and had no time for sports or club activities or what he calls "boy-and-girl stuff." At home, the other members of the family all but ignored him. "One LeMay didn't butt into another LeMay's business. I don't think anyone gave it much

thought or cared whether I would get through or flunk out, or what."

Life, in any real sense, did not begin for LeMay until he joined the U.S. Air Force. He is one of those strange creatures who have sprung from our military incubus—uneasy, if not unhappy, except when they are planning devastation. Like many of this breed, LeMay has considerable insight into his own character and is rather forthright in describing what he sees: "I have been accused and still am accused of possessing a single-track mind. Guess they are right."

He is the compleat warrior. Bravery and skill at killing are what matter to him, not ideology. He speaks kindly of Mao Tse-tung, recalling a samurai sword he received from the Chinese Communist overlord during World War II. Says LeMay: "Wouldn't be surprised if Mao had taken it himself in hand-to-hand combat. He has a good reputation as a scrapper." Nazi scrappers draw similarly amiable appraisals from LeMay—as fighters, not as Nazis. On the other hand he is immediately suspicious of soldiers who claim combat fatigue; a person can be the most loyal capitalistic democrat in every other respect, but if he cracks mentally under the strain of battle LeMay is likely to dismiss him as "the louse, the bum, the yellow so-and-so . . . this stinko character; he's just scairt." (Breaking physically is, by LeMay's standards, permissible.) One wonders if he knows that his Presidential running mate was mustered out of the Air Force with a 10 per cent disability rating for "psychoneurosis" after being hospitalized for "severe anxiety state, chronic, manifested by tension states, anxiety attacks, anorexia. . . ."

When LeMay retired in 1965 at the age of 58—hurried onto the shelf by President Johnson because of his perpetual feuding with Defense Secretary McNamara—he had been a general for twenty-two years, and a four-star variety for thirteen years, which was longer than any other person had held the rank. The moment of greatest pride in his career was probably the bombing raid he masterminded that left 16 square miles of Tokyo in rubble, and caused more deaths and injuries than any other single military operation in history. He had wanted to lead the raid from the air, he said, but was obliged to direct it from headquarters and "it was no fun."

Now that LeMay has emerged again from his Los Angeles suburban home in Bel Air and taken temporary leave of his job as head of Network Electronics Corp., in Chatsworth, Calif., to join the American Independent Party ticket as Vice Presidential candidate, a large segment of the press is attempting to portray him as a uniquely frightening addition to the political picture. And of course he is frightening; but it is a distortion to make him seem so exceptional. He is little more frightening than Humphrey or Agnew or Nixon or Muskie; they, like LeMay, and like ninety-eight of the 100 U.S. Senators and a similar proportion of the U.S. House of Representatives, favor a Pentagon budget of \$72 billion, the largest in history and one that is not entirely honest because it does not cover certain war-related expenses, such as the cost of keeping up veterans' hospitals and GI Bill expenses and veterans' pensions. LeMay is certainly no more fright-

ening than the Pennsylvania labor leader who denounced Senator Clark's efforts to shave the Pentagon budget as "a threat to the safety of United States fighting men and the jobs of Pennsylvania workers." The trouble with ballooning him into such an impressive ogre is that we may be inclined to heave a sigh of relief when he and Wallace are defeated—as though it made all that difference. So, just to keep a proper perspective on this most normal American killer, let us run over LeMay's positions:



Curtis LeMay

He, like Nixon, is against the multilateral nuclear **ban**. He reasons that, while other nations backed away, Red China would fudge and keep developing A-weapons and eventually gain superiority.

He was the first, or at least the loudest, top official in the Pentagon to urge bombing North Vietnam; he has never urged use of atomic weapons in the war, although he has counseled against saying we would not. Wallace's own firm statement that he would never use atomic weapons in Vietnam seems to have been no more than a panicky reaction to the way the press jumped on LeMay's "just another weapon" appraisal of nuclear bombs. But Wallace's staff, an oily crowd, began at once to explain

Wallace's aversion to radioactive dust in sentimental terms. Paul W. Valentine of *The Washington Post* wrote: "Part of this feeling, his associates say, came from talks with doctors in Houston while his wife was receiving radiation treatment for cancer that ultimately was fatal to her. Through those talks, they said, Wallace came to realize how much radiation can damage the body." Maybe. But this postdated solicitude for Mrs. Wallace's health is a bit hard to take, since he had her out campaigning for governor less than four months after her first cancer operation and kept her in harness almost to the end, her hold on the governor's office giving him a good base of operation.

LeMay's proposals for A-bomb usage have gone far beyond Vietnam. Back in the days when we had the A-bomb and Russia did not, LeMay is said to have called a secret meeting of top officials and proposed wiping out Russia. He doesn't deny this very firmly. He says, "I don't ever remember having called such a meeting," but he admits that he might have told "some of my people at one time or another, 'We've got this capability. Maybe the nation ought to do it.' I might have said that off the cuff. But never did I make any such formal suggestion." But he came very close to making it formal. And in any event, he still likes to say we may "look sadly back" to the time when Russia either didn't have the bomb or didn't have a sufficient stockpile to retaliate. "That was the era when we might have destroyed Russia completely and not even skinned our elbows doing it." What's more, since the same conditions still exist apropos of China, he now asks if we aren't missing a chance there. We still could do it "before the Chinese military potential grows worse than it is today."

LeMay's mind is so uncluttered and his reasoning so simple that he sees nothing odd in quoting from an *Air Force/Space Digest* editorial as objective support of his own objectivity. He is startlingly naive. While most military men and politicians pretend that a military-industrial power ring does not exist, LeMay goes out of his way publicly to encourage this group to take a firmer hand in shaping government policy. At a meeting of the National Security Industrial Association in Washington three years ago, he rallied "the military, industrial and scientific communities" to a firmer display of patriotic propaganda "in direct proportion to the responsibility we bear for defending the country"—which, as a look at the budget shows, is a very great proportion indeed.

LeMay does not think the civilian branch of the government should interfere in the slightest with the plans of the generals, except to cut back on the money if it can. "If a Secretary of Defense says, 'No, you cannot have this system because we cannot afford it,' we accept his decision. What we did object to was the Secretary's saying 'no' to something the military wished to do, and giving a military reason." Since he would limit the civilian administration to fiscal controls, he is giving the civilians no control at all, for Congress never denies the military anything on grounds of economy.

LeMay is a right winger but a very clumsy one. He has written a book that is almost a Bible to the right

wing, but he used a collaborator, McKinley Kantor, whose *Andersonville* was one of the favorite targets of the right wing a few years ago because of its cuss words and naughty images.

LeMay knows all the right-wing cliché positions, but he takes them in a very gauche manner. "I'm for welfare programs, Medicare, for instance," he says. "Certainly this country ought to provide medical care for everybody, but I don't say the government has to do it." On civil rights: "I can't understand all the fuss about this civil rights business. The trouble is being caused by a bunch of professional no-goods, Communists. I think the Communists are up to their eyebrows in the civil rights movement. As a matter of fact, I know it. I've seen some of the reports. These reports were never made public." (Apparently shown to him by his close friend J. Edgar Hoover, who enjoys passing "confidential" files around among a select circle of pals.) He even has a right-wing cliché for the war, which he says he would end by the total destruction of North Vietnam—"leaving not one brick stuck to another" but done in what he calls "the most humane manner possible."

The only effective right-wing organization to which LeMay belongs is the American Security Council—an anti-subversive outfit which has been guided over the past few years by such illustrious far-outs as Adm. Ben Moreell, USN retired, and Gen. A. C. Wedemeyer, USA retired—but which nevertheless sneaks some of its propaganda into top places. Last year, for example, *The New York Times* played up a front-page story saying that the American Security Council had discovered we were desperately behind in the missile race—and did not mention that the ASC was a right-wing front.

After LeMay's maiden campaign speech, an outburst of candor which got him in immediate trouble with Wallace (but gave the newsmen priceless quotes, such as, "I'll be lucky if I don't come out of this sounding like a drooling idiot"), Wallace has used the tactic of displaying LeMay but letting him say very little. It's just as well for his cause. LeMay has always been a poor speaker. He has a dead-pan face, a tendency to drone and to say "uh," and a weakness of mental will that allows him to wander off into the dullest kind of homey trivialities.

As for the dead-pan part, spectators can give him a little sympathy on that. It is caused by a stroke he suffered in the early 1940s. That stroke, plus some deafness (Wallace also suffers from deafness), plus poor eyesight, plus prostate trouble, prompted a medical officers' board to give him 60 per cent disability when he was mustered out of service.

Still, one must be a bit cautious with sympathy. After all, LeMay was flying jets right up to the end of his service—and drawing flight pay for it—and on the afternoon he retired from the Air Force, FAA Administrator Najeeb Halaby hoked up a special ceremony in which he presented LeMay with a private pilot's license. And the 60 per cent disability rating allows him to avoid income tax payments on about \$10,000 of his \$16,464 retirement pay.

Wallace and LeMay are indeed a pair of monsters, and must indeed be defeated. But the bigger worry still remains—with whom are you going to defeat them?

THE NOVEMBER WATERSHED

New Issues, New Coalitions

JOHN T. DEMPSEY

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Not for what it settles but for what it delays, not for what it reveals but for what it conceals, not for what it accomplishes but for what it portends, 1968 will go down in American history as an important political year. There is a pulse in the flow of American politics. Periodically, the nation arrives at a watershed, a convulsion, a fundamental realignment of the political scene; thereafter, politics and the country are quite different. Half a dozen such moments have occurred in the American experience, and another is fast approaching.

In 1800 the political party came of age as an instrument of government in our limited democracy, marking the end of the dominance of those who had led the Revolution and established the Constitution. In 1828 Jackson's election symbolized the political maturation of the frontier. Lincoln's victory in 1860 marked the end of the plantation economy which had dominated so much of the American scene, as well as a rapid end to the legal existence of slavery; the preservation of the Union also resulted. In 1896 big business overwhelmed American politics; the 1912 triumph of Wilson heralded the new freedom. FDR and the New Deal arrived in 1932. These are the watershed years of American political history; 1968 is obviously not one of them.

Yet in each of the above heroic instances, the previous election foretold the approaching convulsion. Jefferson's victory in 1800 came four years after the first breakdown in the electoral process and the inability of the Federalists to maintain their position, or their unity. In 1824 the dominant party was unable to agree on a single candidate, and the election was thrown into the House of Representatives. No party in 1856 could nominate a candidate able to face squarely the overwhelming issue of slavery; Lincoln was found four years later. The election of 1892 settled nothing, except to accentuate a split within the Democratic Party and pave the way for McKinley and Hanna. In 1908 the Republican Party turned its back on progressivism, and helped assure Wilson's election in 1912. And in 1928 both parties failed to address themselves to the plight of the farmer or the storm signals in the economy, concentrating instead on the politics of joy. The depression and the New Deal followed. Now 1968 takes its place among these years of short sight and low morale. Both major parties have taken their stands on the issues and the slogans of the past, and have dissembled on the problems of the present. Thus 1968 paves the way for the convulsions of the future.

At least four major issues confront the American

people this year: the war in Vietnam, the future of race relations in the United States, the condition of the cities, and the character and dignity of life for all Americans. The three major candidates for President are each addressing themselves to these issues in terms ambiguous at best. Hubert Humphrey holds out peace in Vietnam, or at least an end to the bombing of the North—maybe. Richard Nixon promises peace with honor, even while he supports (at least tacitly) the policies which produced the war. George Wallace promises he'll turn the war over to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, evidently believing that those gentlemen have not previously been consulted on the subject. Or perhaps he'll just turn it over to Curtis LeMay, leaving himself free, if elected, to concentrate on the home front.

Richard Nixon talks of "building bridges to human dignity," but does not believe economic sanctions should be used to help achieve it. Hubert Humphrey promises much more of what has been done, evidently feeling that past programs have been resoundingly successful. George Wallace says he will *so* be President of "all the people"; and to those who tag him "racist," he points out that lots of Negroes voted for Lurleen—which was a comment, primarily, on the views of her opponents.

Mr. Nixon would turn over the major part of the rebuilding of the cities to private enterprise, which has not up to now leaped to take on the task. Vice President Humphrey would have the federal government lead the way in urban reconstruction, causing some to wonder what Washington has been doing for the past thirty-five years while the cities were decaying. Mr. Wallace says little about rebuilding cities, preferring first to make the existing streets safe for the people; pleasant communities will grow up, presumably, around the much enlarged police stations. Concerning the question and meaning of life for the average American, no candidate is saying much. Each offers to guarantee law and order and a stable dollar—and that's what life's all about anyway.

None of this implies that any of the major candidates is being dishonest or deliberately deceitful. Rather, each apparently believes that the citizens will vote principally on the basis of their emotions—or, more simply, their fears. Wallace appeals to fear of the black man; Nixon appeals to fear of the Democrats, and of the recent past; Humphrey appeals to fear of the Republicans, and of the remote past—the ghost of poor old Herbert Hoover. Not one of the three seems to realize that while such appeals may have a limited and temporary success, a stable society can be constructed only by overcoming fear, not by catering to it. And each of the men overlooks a central fact of American development—the people are more highly educated and informed today than ever before; the emotional approaches of the past simply lack the strength they once had. In this fact lies the cause of the widespread

apathy, and of the disunity which is just below the surface of both major parties.

It is fashionable today, in at least some circles, to compare the Wallace appeal with Hitler's in the Germany of the 1920s. While this is no compliment to the "mighty bantam from Alabama," it's a downright insult to the American people as a whole. The United States of 1968 is not the Weimar Republic of 1930, and to suggest that it is seriously to distort history. The United States has not been totally defeated in war, it has not witnessed ruinous inflation, it has not seen its middle class wiped out—quite the contrary. The Wallace appeal stems partly from a weariness and resentment at politics as usual, at promises made and not kept, at lack of leadership and lack of ethics in so many, many places. Many say: "He tells it like it is," "He's the only one who talks like a real American," or simply, "At least he's honest—he says what he believes." A large vote for Wallace on November 5 will be interpreted as a white backlash; it can also be a clear indication that many people have become tired of the two major parties, with their reliance on outmoded solutions to contemporary problems.

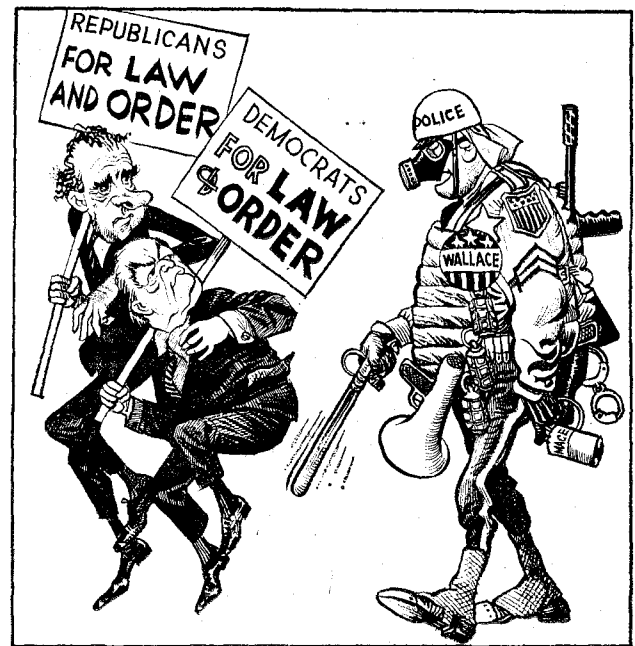
If there is any meaning in the remarkable record of the candidacy of Eugene McCarthy, or the rapid surge of the late Robert Kennedy, or the popular appeal of John Lindsay or Nelson Rockefeller, it is that their supporters believed these men were "relevant" to what really matters. Certainly glamour, charm and, in some cases, money were all involved; yet Romney and Percy and Reagan also have these qualities. Just as Wallace's appeal is greatest among the least educated in the United States, and among the older citizens—those who, like him, see life in the most simple terms—so the appeal of McCarthy, Kennedy, Lindsay and Rockefeller is greatest among the best educated and the young, who realize that life cannot be simple. This is encouraging, because each year the American electorate grows younger, and on the average better educated. It's just that the leaders of the political establishment haven't quite awakened to the facts of modern life.

Yet we cannot dismiss George Wallace quite so neatly, at least not in 1968. For he is a mischief-maker who can knock the political train off the tracks. This possibility arises from the fact that, for whatever reasons, he does appeal to many, coupled with circumstances under which the electoral college can select a President. With a little luck, Wallace can throw the election into the House of Representatives, for the first time in 144 years (the 1876 election went there, not to elect a President but rather to determine whom the electors had elected: the House in the end settled on a process which produced Hayes—and a suspicion that has never really been laid to rest).

As of now, Wallace is almost sure to take at least thirty-nine electoral votes, and he could take more (he claims a minimum of 170, but he may well have the capacity to be wrong, like the rest of us). In some normally Democratic states he may draw enough support from Humphrey to give the electoral votes to Nixon; and in some normally Republican states (there are a few) he may take enough from Nixon to give the state to Humphrey. As a result, prediction at this moment is almost impos-

sible—or at least foolish. Yet the effect of the Wallace candidacy may be to throw the election into the House. If this should happen, the next President is certain to be Hubert Humphrey.

This safe prediction is possible because of the distribution of votes in the House. In choosing a President each state has one vote in the House, a vote decided by the partisan control of the Congressional delegation from that state. Today, Democrats control twenty-nine state delegations, Republicans control eighteen, and three are evenly divided and therefore could not vote if all Representatives were present. This balance may well be different after November 5, but unless Nixon achieves a landslide (in which case the election wouldn't go to the House), there is almost no chance that the Republicans will control twenty-



Macpherson, Toronto Star
"Move Along"

six state delegations in the next Congress (the number needed to elect). Thus Democrats would be in firm command.

To be sure, at least five of the twenty-nine Democratic delegations are today controlled by Wallace supporters, who could demand concessions and promises and all sorts of political booty—from either loyalist Democrats or Republicans. However, it is not in the cards for Republicans to give them what they would most need, committee chairmanships and Congressional powers, so in the end "Democratic Party unity" would surely prevail.

If Hubert Humphrey should become President in this fashion, the already damaged Democratic Party will be further injured; if such a result followed an inconclusive electoral college vote in which Richard Nixon secured a plurality of the popular vote but was then denied the Presidency, the result could shatter the Democratic Party beyond repair (it has already lost many of its supporters to the New Party, or to others on the Left). And the damage to America's prestige abroad would be incalculable

(we can't explain the normal functioning of the electoral college to most foreigners; how to explain its malfunctioning?). So Wallace is a major threat—and he at least knows it.

Yet suppose we escape all of the above, what is likely to be the result? As of now, it is probable that Richard Nixon will win, but certainly with less than half the popular vote (probably less than 45 per cent). Hubert Humphrey will run second, and George Wallace a strong third. The new Congress will be much more conservative than its predecessor. The result will be at least two years, and probably four, of inaction on the major problems which face America. So the 1968 election will then not really have settled anything, and the disillusionment with vague platforms and fancy but empty campaign promises will grow. It has all happened before!

In 1972, the young voters who are today demanding answers will be even more numerous. The educational level of the electorate will have climbed still further. Many of the elderly who this year follow George Wallace will have left this troubled planet; yet the troubles will not have eased. Each of these developments will have a major effect on the next election.

It is my belief that in 1968 we see an unraveling of

the political alignments that have held generally since 1932. This is to assert a commonplace. Yet it is also my belief that we are witnessing the end of the old style, and the decline of the old issues. The Civil War ended for all time constitutional questions about the nature of the Union which had been fought over since the beginning; granted, it took a generation or two for the settlement to seep through to some parts of the land. Similarly, the Great Depression and the New Deal ended the political questions as to whether the government has a role to play in the economy, and a responsibility for the welfare of the citizen; granted, it has taken a generation or two for that settlement to be recognized throughout our society. Today, the problems which plague the American people are largely social ones, including the relationships of man to his environment and to his fellow man, as well as his responsibility for his fellow man and for his environment. The Presidential candidates in 1968 do not realize this change because they were raised on the old issues, and trained in the old rhetoric. Yet an increasingly large portion of the electorate does realize that the world has changed, and the election will push their impatience to the fore. In that sense the 1968 election is a prelude to tomorrow.

Democrats for '72

TED SMEBAKKEN

Mr. Smebakken is on the staff of the Minneapolis Star.

Minneapolis

Donald O. Peterson listened to the seemingly endless discussion with rising irritation. At issue was the structure and membership of a temporary organizing committee for the New Democratic Coalition (NDC), and the debate over two competing proposals seemed to be deteriorating into bickering over personalities and considerations of minor magnitude. In fact, a St. Louis psychiatrist had suggested the inclusion on the committee of a group dynamics specialist, contending that one was essential if the assembled liberals' penchant for nitpicking and verbosity was to be controlled.

Peterson prefers less talk and more action. The Eau Claire, Wis., businessman helped found the "dump Johnson" movement in the early fall of 1967, led the successful McCarthyite drive for control of the Democratic Party in his home state, and attracted a measure of national attention when, as chairman of the Wisconsin delegation, he defied Mayor Richard J. Daley on the floor of the Democratic National Convention.

Delegates to the conference, Peterson finally told the group, had gathered in Minneapolis as an "act of faith," a demonstration that the movement launched by Democratic insurgents around the issues of Vietnam, race, poverty and the urban crisis, and behind the candidacies of Eugene McCarthy, Robert F. Kennedy and George McGovern,

was not shattered in the violence and repression of Chicago. "Let us continue that faith," he said. "I think it's time to begin. Let us begin."

A beginning of sorts was made at the NDC's organizational conference in Minneapolis during the weekend of October 5-6, but only time will tell whether McCarthy-Kennedy liberals, Negroes, Mexican Americans and Indians, rebellious elements of organized labor, farmers, the poor, students and others can be welded into a permanent political force. It remains to be seen whether their commitment is sufficiently deep that they will perform the hard, often dull party chores, on a precinct-by-precinct, county-by-county, state-by-state basis in the months ahead.

But at least the Minneapolis conference achieved the sharply limited objectives for which it was called. The major task was to replace a thirteen-member steering committee, formed the day after the Chicago convention, with a broadly based organizing committee entrusted with the task of convening a late winter convention at which the NDC will be formally constituted as the national political arm of the Democratic Left. This committee was chosen; it comprises thirty-five members, and includes representatives from almost every group the coalition hopes to gather under its wing. Delegates who attended were also directed, as a committee of the whole, to assume responsibility for stimulating the formation and growth of NDC reform movements in their own states.

Open conflicts that could destroy the coalition before it

becomes anything more than a paper organization were averted, but warnings were sounded. The steering committee's decision to bar discussion of the Presidential campaign was unpopular with some, and younger delegates and minority group representatives charged that the coalition was essentially a McCarthyite enterprise, created by and for white middle-class liberals.

Radical peace groups were excluded from the organizing committee, a decision that was also unpopular with younger delegates. Student leaders cheered when New Left spokesmen Rennie Davis and Tom Hayden were nominated for the organizing committee. When the votes were counted, however, Davis had seven and Hayden six—a clear repudiation.

That did not sit well with Adam Walinsky, a former Kennedy speech writer. "After all," he told one reporter, "they were right about the war long before most of us, and right about the fundamental problems of race long before most of us, and they're groping for answers to problems many of us barely know to exist."

The most serious friction—reflecting the persistent coolness between the McCarthy and Kennedy camps—developed when Gerald Hill, chairman of the California Democratic Council, was labeled the caretaker of McCarthy's long-range political interests. This allegation which appeared in the Minneapolis *Tribune* prompted the immediate calling of a press conference at which Hill vigorously denied that he was acting as an agent for McCarthy at the conference.

Others decried the injection of personalities into coalition proceedings. "It's very unfortunate to describe this as an organization around the candidacy of one man," said Jack Gore, a quiet labor economist from the University of Colorado who has emerged as a moving force behind the coalition. "We think that after the election the Humphrey, Kennedy, McCarthy and McGovern labels will disappear." Earl Craig, a 29-year-old Minneapolis Negro who is serving as the coalition's full-time executive director, stalked from the press conference after objecting to NDC sponsors being consistently "forced into a box" by the press over personalities.

While the representation—224 delegates from thirty-nine states and the District of Columbia—was heavily weighted in favor of ex-McCarthy partisans, it was nevertheless impressively broad. From Alabama came John Cashin, the Negro dentist who lost the fight at Chicago for legitimization of his biracial National Democratic Party, but whose NDP candidates will battle George Wallace's regulars again in local elections on November 5. From New York came Allard K. Lowenstein, principal founder of the National Conference of Concerned Democrats, the anti-war umbrella that was instrumental in bringing McCarthy into the Presidential race in November, 1967. In the big Minnesota delegation was William W. Smith, a young Minneapolis Negro who originated the black favorite-son concept that led to the nomination at Chicago of the first Negro candidate for President, the Rev. Channing Phillips. From Delaware came Mrs. Gilbert J. Sloane, a housewife who leads the newly formed Delaware Conference of Concerned Democrats, which hopes

eventually to take over that state's Democratic Party. From Window Rock, Ariz., came Raymond Nakai, chairman of the Navajo Tribal Council. The list goes on, with individuals of diverse backgrounds.

Conference participants made no attempt to act on a statement of principles, elect permanent officers, or approve an organizational structure. That will come up at the convention in February or March.

They were given, instead, the outline of a program to chew on. Michael Harrington, whose *Toward a New Left* has been widely discussed in New Left circles, suggested at an opening-day session on "Changing Government Policy" that the NDC should work toward three ends.

First, he said, if radical change is to be achieved in a democratic and nonviolent way, it will come only by means of a majority party.

Second, the link joining middle-class reformers to minorities, poor people, blue-collar workers and others at or near the lower end of the social and economic ladder must be forged on "visceral" domestic issues. Specifically, Harrington argues, the NDC should develop a program that will stress the inter-relatedness of domestic problems.

Finally, in the foreign affairs arena, post-Vietnamese policy must be directed toward persuading Americans that their long-range interests will be best served if they help foot the bill for the nonviolent development of developing countries, through the United Nations.

What of the NDC's immediate prospects? Gore, the acting NDC chairman, was cautiously optimistic at the close of the Minneapolis conference. He noted that the base from which the NDC springs is far more potent than is generally recognized. McCarthy-Kennedy forces control Democratic Parties outright in nine states, and NDC organizations are active or in the formative stages in at least fifteen others. "I think we found sufficient agreement among the people who did come, and a formula for reaching the people who did not," he said.

Possibly the most striking aspect of the conference was the broad commonality of interest. The delegates appeared to agree unanimously that the old liberal-labor-Negro coalition of the New Deal era is dead or dying. Chicago was its last hurrah. Its spokesmen are worn and tired, its remedies exposed as futile.

The insurgents want to forge a new, broadly based coalition that is truly liberal and in many respects radical. It will be structured on several levels to provide geographic representation for the states, as well as for special interest groups. It will speak for the poor, the affluent suburbanite horrified by the war, the militant black on the verge of open domestic warfare, for the farmer and for rebellious elements of organized labor whose leaders have grown fat and complacent, for people concerned about the quality of contemporary life, about air pollution, mass transit, leisure time and the population explosion.

It is an immense and at the same time a delicate undertaking, since all parts of the coalition must be effectively represented if the thing is to stick together. Harrington, like Gore, is among the optimists. "After all," he said, "we picketed outside the Democratic convention at Los Angeles eight years ago. This year we picketed inside."

NO ORDINARY BLACK MAN

MARTIN SMITH

Mr. Smith is a Sacramento newspaper man who covers politics and the State Capital.

Stockton, Calif.

Until a few minutes after midnight last June 2, Cliff Watkins had much going for him; certainly more than most black men—or white men, for that matter. A college graduate, earning \$8,000 a year at the start of a career in the federal Public Health Service, highly thought of by his fellow employees and his supervisors, the 24-year-old Watkins was a rising member of the Negro middle class.

Today he is awaiting trial set for December 10 on a charge of armed robbery. He is accused of participating, with his older brother, Ted, in the robbery of a liquor store in this northern San Joaquin Valley community. Only Cliff is being tried. Ted was killed by four bullets fired by the store manager.

Stockton law-enforcement officials are upset by suggestions that the incidents surrounding the death of Ted Watkins and the mess in which Cliff Watkins finds himself should be viewed as anything but a routine, or as some have phrased it “a classic,” case of armed robbery of a liquor store. But a number of doubts are being raised over the police handling of the case and the quick acceptance by officials of the view that the violence erupting in the Delta Liquors and Sporting Goods Store was just another instance of a couple of Negroes pulling a cheap robbery. The questions are being asked not only by the black community of Stockton but also thousands of miles away in Canada where Ted Watkins was a star professional football player for the Hamilton Tiger-Cats and earned \$15,000 a year. The relative affluence of the two young men—Ted was 27—and their clean backgrounds are some of the reasons why Canadian newsmen, sent to investigate the case, question the official version of what happened.

Operating one of Stockton's sixty-five liquor stores is no easy business. Holdups seem to be increasing in the area from year to year, and liquor store clerks are the frequent victims. One elderly clerk was shot to death in another store before the Delta episode. Three black youths are accused of that murder and await trial. Many liquor store operators in Stockton take advantage of California's lax gun-control laws to keep firearms handy.

Fred Larsen, 25, the white manager of the Delta, demonstrated his proficiency with a gun in 1966, when he put two bullets into an obscure black man, Lonnell Perry. Larsen said Perry swung on him with a can of beer while attempting to rob the store. Captured, patched up and hauled into court, Perry pleaded guilty to attempted robbery and was sentenced to a year in jail. He was paroled in two months. Before dropping out of sight again, Perry said that he had not really tried to rob the store but had pleaded guilty in the belief that his word, from one

with a criminal record, would not be accepted and in the hope that he would thus get a light sentence. Perry claimed a fight had developed when Larsen, in the heat of an argument, ordered him to “get your black ass out of here.” No one paid much attention to the incident at the time.

From 1959, when Ted Watkins made a high school All-America team in Modesto, 30 miles south of Stockton, he was not obscure. His proficiency at football and other sports won him an athletic scholarship to the University of the Pacific in Stockton where he was an outstanding per-



former until he abruptly quit college before graduating. He then signed a contract to play football with the Ottawa Rough Riders in Canada.

Some who knew him at that time say Ted Watkins was moody and restless. Other friends recall that he was becoming increasingly concerned over the plight of the black man. He was not happy in Ottawa and was traded to Hamilton's Tiger-Cats in southern Ontario where he got along well. His football associates and his neighbors in the Hamilton suburb of Burlington thought highly of him. But his concern over racial matters deepened, and led him into the Black Power movement in Canada, an involvement which was to be noted with interest in California after his death. Watkins had something to do with the publication of a mimeographed sheet, *Al Kita Sudan* or *The Black Book*, and was also active in the Afro-American Liberation Fund. After the assassination of Martin Luther

King, he took part in a demonstration before the American consulate in Toronto. When he said publicly that bias against Negroes was evident in Ottawa, he was persuaded to discuss race relations on Canadian television. He spoke gloomily of the likelihood that race riots would occur in Canada when black immigration from the United States had increased substantially.

His younger brother, Cliff, seems a less complex, possibly less interesting, personality than Ted Watkins. But Cliff Watkins gives the impression of being a steady, very likable man. He inspires confidence. After being arrested, he offered to resign his Public Health Service position, but his supervisors refused the offer. Instead, they confirmed a promotion which was due him. He turned that down "until this thing is cleared up."

Cliff Watkins' fellow employees in Stockton and nearby Sacramento organized a defense fund to assist him. Contributions to it recently totaled \$1,800. Other colleagues have been assisting the defense by conducting investigations into various aspects of the case. Funds are also being raised in Canada for the widow and daughters of Ted Watkins.

Cliff, too, was named to a high school All-American team. Oregon State University gave him a football scholarship, and he played in the backfield in the 1966 Rose Bowl game. Professional teams showed interest, but that career was closed to him by a neck injury he suffered in college football.

He was graduated from college as a sociology major, and has been working toward a master's degree in psychology. His marriage to a white college classmate ended in divorce after they had one child. Last year Cliff Watkins joined the Public Health Service as a communicable disease specialist seeking to identify and have treated those who carry syphilis.

Nearing the end of his vacation with his wife and four small daughters, Ted Watkins called on his brother at his Sacramento apartment early in the evening of June 1. The brothers first visited a friend in Sacramento, then headed south toward Stockton, 45 miles down the freeway. The evening there was spent with friends Ted had made while attending the University of the Pacific. They drank wine: Cliff says he did not have much. About midnight they were in the car again, going through south Stockton toward the freeway for the drive back to Sacramento. But Ted pulled the car off West Charter Way to stop near the Delta Liquors and Sporting Goods Store. Cliff says his brother wanted to buy another bottle of wine and some potato chips. It was a store Ted had patronized when he lived in Stockton.

Cliff browsed at the magazine stand, while Ted approached Fred Larsen, who was at the cash register. Another employee was in the rear of the store and a third was outside by the trash cans.

Cliff says he did not hear what passed between his brother and Larsen—a radio was playing and a store motor also muffled the conversation—but he gradually became aware that a dispute had developed. Looking up, Cliff saw what he describes as "a hate look" on Larsen's

face. He says that Negroes know what a hate look is.

With a few vital differences, Cliff Watkins' story of what happened during the next seconds agrees with the version accepted by the police. But the few differences are why Cliff Watkins is standing trial for armed robbery.

Ted swung on Larsen. District Attorney Laurence Drivon, basing his statement on Larsen's story, says Ted used the wine bottle as a club—the weapon in the armed robbery. Cliff says he did not notice whether or not the bottle was in his brother's hand. Then Ted leaped over the counter. Larsen raised his pistol. Larsen told the police the weapon was under the counter; Cliff says he is convinced Larsen drew it from his person.

The younger brother rushed forward. In the most vital difference of all between the two accounts, Cliff says he was trying to stop the fight, while Larsen says Cliff reached into the cash register and took money.

Ted Watkins and Larsen grappled. Two shots were fired, according to Cliff, before the men fell halfway through a plate-glass window, the shattered glass nearly severing Ted's arm. Cliff says he rushed out the front door and around to the window in which the men were lying, Larsen on the bottom, the limp body of Ted Watkins on top of him.

From his supine position, Larsen, as Cliff recalls it, raised his pistol back over his head and fired at the younger brother as he approached. Cliff retreated several steps and, while hesitating, was shot by another armed employee of the store, Louis Huerta, who had run from behind the store. After shooting Cliff, Huerta fled into the store while Cliff, struck in the shoulder by a bullet which also entered his lung, ran to the automobile in which Ted had left the keys in the ignition. Thinking Ted dead and believing that he also might be dying, Cliff drove to Sacramento.

An issue, subsidiary in the pending trial, but which has stirred black resentment, now developed. How long did officers wait before moving Ted Watkins to a hospital to see if his life might be saved? A militant black, Ralph Lee White, later charged that the first police on the scene showed more interest in finding Cliff Watkins than in attending his gravely wounded brother. White says he urged officers to help Ted but was told to keep out of the way. Stockton Police Chief Jack O'Keefe the next day denied that there had been any avoidable delay in getting Ted Watkins to the hospital. O'Keefe said the police were first called at 12:30 A.M. and only nineteen minutes later had delivered Watkins to the San Joaquin General Hospital where he was pronounced dead on arrival. However, a *Toronto Star Weekly* reporter later quoted a Stockton bail bondsman as saying that he had heard of a reported shooting at the store when he was in the Stockton jail, looking after the interest of a client, at a time no later than 12:06 or 12:07 A.M.

Cliff Watkins had meanwhile driven to Sacramento. Stopping at a friend's house, he telephoned a doctor who directed him to go to a hospital. Police officers found him there as he was being treated.

Press coverage of the case has been much greater than for a run-of-the-mill liquor store shooting. Canadian

newspapers, radio and television stations, especially, have bombarded law-enforcement authorities with questions. District Attorney Drivon responded thirty-six hours after the shooting with a general statement in which he accepted Larsen's version of the event. He said:

The investigation of the incident at the Delta Liquors and Sporting Goods Store, 519 West Charter Way on June 2, 1968, reveals that Theodore Watkins while in the perpetration of the robbery of Fred Earl Larsen, manager of said store, struck Larsen on the head with a bottle of wine, knocking Larsen backwards; Larsen reached for his gun which was under the counter and Theodore Watkins came over the counter at Larsen. It was then that Larsen saw Clifford Watkins reach into the open cash register till and take some monies therefrom. Theodore Watkins then forced Larsen against the plate-glass window breaking same. While Larsen was hanging partially out of the broken window and struggling with Theodore Watkins, Clifford Watkins ran outside and tried to grab the gun from Larsen. It was then that Larsen fired his gun at Theodore Watkins, four bullets entering Watkins' upper torso resulting in the latter's death.

After reviewing all of the facts presented to me, I have concluded that the shooting of Theodore Watkins by Fred Larsen was in self-defense and in the prevention of a robbery and therefore justifiable. The investigation further justifies the prosecution of Clifford Watkins for robbery and, accordingly, a complaint charging him with the robbery of Fred Larsen has been issued this date in the Stockton Municipal Court.

Except for this statement, law-enforcement authorities

have established a nearly complete news blackout on details of the case. Queries to Drivon now get only an offer by him to read his statement first issued during the afternoon of June 3. He has also said, in response to suggestions he may have made a mistake in issuing a statement flatly labeling Ted Watkins a criminal, that he can see nothing wrong with the statement. He has hinted that, were it not for Supreme Court restrictions on pretrial statements, he could tell a story that would settle all doubts.

"This is a classic case, in my mind, in which all the information as it develops should be laid out for all to see," he asserted to one reporter. "I feel as though I'm walking a high tightrope. I'm afraid to go one way or the other."

He has also denied that there are any living witnesses to the killing other than Larsen and the surviving Watkins. Apparently neither of the other two employees was able to see the events which Larsen and Drivon say constituted the act of robbery.

Skeptical Canadian reporters were thorns in the side of official Stockton for several weeks after the shooting. District Attorney Drivon appears to have been bothered less by the newsmen than were Police Chief O'Keefe and some other authorities.

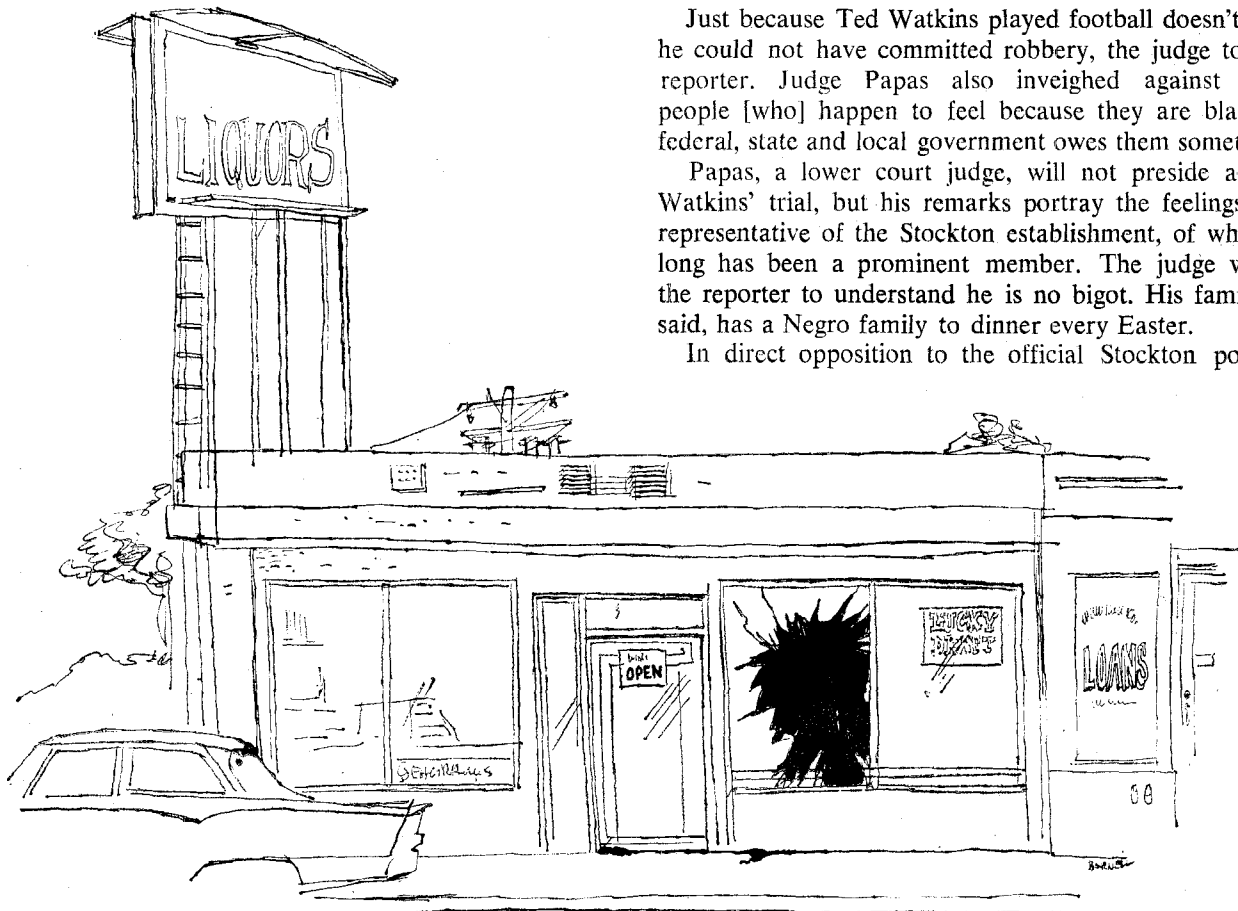
One Stockton jurist, Chris Papas, the senior municipal judge in the county and a man obviously in sympathy with the problems of liquor store operators (his family has been in that business in Stockton ever since prohibition ended), remarked acidly to one Canadian:

"I wonder if the same interest would be shown if Watkins had killed the clerk instead."

Just because Ted Watkins played football doesn't mean he could not have committed robbery, the judge told the reporter. Judge Papas also inveighed against "these people [who] happen to feel because they are black the federal, state and local government owes them something."

Papas, a lower court judge, will not preside at Cliff Watkins' trial, but his remarks portray the feelings of a representative of the Stockton establishment, of which he long has been a prominent member. The judge wanted the reporter to understand he is no bigot. His family, he said, has a Negro family to dinner every Easter.

In direct opposition to the official Stockton position,



associates and friends of the brothers show no disposition to accept the district attorney's version of the affair. Canadian football commissioner Jake Gaudaur said of the elder brother: "His behavior was always exemplary, and I just can't believe from anything that we saw of him in Hamilton that Ted could be involved in something like this."

But doubts about the case are engendered not solely by the esteem in which the two Watkins were held. There is also the matter of the bullets in Ted Watkins' body. Cliff says he was aware of two shots being fired at Ted before he and Larsen crashed through the window. Then Larsen, still according to Cliff's story, fired at him. Cliff says that before he fled, he did not hear or see other shots fired by Larsen.

The autopsy disclosed that four bullets struck Ted Watkins. One hit him straight-on and fatally, right in the heart. Another struck him in the neck below the right ear, another in the left side, and the fourth completely from the rear, lodging below the left shoulder blade. The variety of angles appears unusual.

And why would the brothers rob a liquor store which Ted Watkins had visited in the past and where he might be remembered? If a robbery was committed, it was an appallingly stupid crime. Both brothers were regarded as intelligent men. Why would they risk their careers, indeed their lives, in a cheap holdup? They could scarcely have been that desperate for a small sum of money.

But if not a robbery, what caused the fight? The answer could be provided only if the conversation between Larsen and Ted Watkins, which Cliff says he could not hear, were known. Ted Watkins is dead. Fred Larsen is not talking to reporters.

Whatever Stockton policemen may think about liquor stores, shootings and Negroes, the facts of the case transcend the routine clichés, and it will be no ordinary trial that will begin in Stockton on December 10.

One Stockton black man, the militant Ralph Lee White, mentioned above, has commented: "Life would be a lot simpler for white folks around here if Ted Watkins had been just another nigger." Lonnell Perry would probably be quick to agree.

PERU: OIL AND THE ARMY

STEPHEN L. ROZMAN

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The October 3rd *golpe de estado* (military coup) in Peru was the third occasion in twenty years when the military of that country overthrew a democratically elected civilian government. In all three cases the seizure of power was associated with steadily deteriorating economic conditions, accompanied by inflation, wage-price spirals, labor unrest, strikes and political violence. A severe drop in export prices was on each occasion primarily responsible for the decline and instability. Serious inflation followed by political chaos are by no means unique to Peru in the Latin American area. However, nowhere in Latin America is the military more ready to assume direct control of the government to counter such a situation.

In general, the Latin American countries have colonial economies based on the export of raw materials (agricultural and mineral products) in exchange for manufactured and processed goods. Both import and export trade are oriented toward and dependent upon the United States. When the demand for raw-material exports increases in the U.S. market, the foreign exchange balance of the Latin American suppliers improves. Even basically conservative governments have undertaken impressive public works projects during such relatively good periods, and have received some support from the masses in return.

General Odría's military junta and Presidency of Peru, which encompassed an eight-year period following the overthrow of the Bustamante government in 1948, ruled during a time of relatively low inflation, high employment

and public works programs—an artificial situation created by the Korean War boom. Similarly, the government of Fernando Belaúnde Terry had been bolstered by favorable sales of fishmeal and cotton, and enjoyed relative stability and apparent military support, a propitious environment for carrying out its moderate reform program. However, a rapid downturn during the past year, which caused the devaluation of the once stable *sol* from twenty-seven to forty per dollar, shook the foundations of the government, severely undermined Belaúnde's high popularity, and produced a wave of growing instability and violence, which the government was unable to check. The loss of two by-elections (one in Lima itself) last November marked the rapid decline of Belaúnde and his Popular Action Party and impelled the PAP's partner, the Christian Democrats, to abandon their governing coalition.

The PAP itself then began to split apart, with a serious factional division taking place almost on the eve of the military coup. The PAP candidate for the June, 1969, Presidential election, Edgardo Seoane, joined his voice to the increasingly indignant clamor against Belaúnde's weakness in dealing with the economic deterioration (including a staggering foreign debt which had reached \$200 million, and his questionable behavior in signing a new oil sales contract with the International Petroleum Company, a subsidiary of Standard Oil.

IPC's ownership and exploitation of Peru's richest oil fields, la Brea y Pariñas, has long been an aggravation to nationalists from the extreme Left to the extreme Right, including, significantly, some key military officers. During my interviews with Peruvian army officers in 1965, I detected a strong current of nationalistic pride and intense indignation over the control of Peruvian mineral wealth

(particularly the aforementioned oil fields) by U.S. interests. An enduring undercurrent of anti-U.S. feeling comes periodically to the surface in Peru. The reception of Vice President Nixon during his ill-fated Latin American good-will trip in 1958 is an example.

Today, there is another nationalistic outpouring. A month before the coup, the president of the Peruvian national oil enterprise, Empresa Petrolera Fiscal, resigned on the ground that President Belaúnde's stand toward the IPC was very weak, and to the detriment of the country's interests. He then caused a governmental crisis which was to end with Belaúnde's overthrow by revealing that the government had misplaced the last page in the IPC contract, the page detailing safeguards for Peru.

The head of the Peruvian joint chiefs of staff, army Gen. Juan Velasco Alvarado, expressed the concern of the military over this development and announced that the three branches of the armed forces would give the matter careful study. A month later, General Velasco headed the military junta, whose first pronouncement, after exiling Belaúnde to Argentina and assuming the reins of government, was a rebuke to the ousted President for sacrificing national dignity in his relationship with the IPC. On October 9, his government took possession of the Brea y Pariñas fields.

Peruvian nationalistic fervor had been aroused earlier this year when the United States suspended economic aid in reaction to Peru's purchase of sixteen French Mirage supersonic jets at a cost of \$20 million, along with an order of Canberras from Britain and some light tanks from France. U.S. officials decried such expenditures by a country with severe socio-economic problems and inequalities at a time when its foreign debt was already large. Peruvians, however, suspected that reaction was so strong because the purchases were from France and Britain rather than from the United States. Indeed, there is considerable indignation throughout Latin America that the United States ties economic aid so closely to the purchase of goods.

In spite of these factors, it seems unlikely that nationalism and the IPC affair fully explain the military take-over. With the 1969 elections approaching, the military was probably looking around for a likely successor to Belaúnde. Since the Christian Democrats, the National Odríista Union and the PAP itself had all suffered serious factionalism, the basically cohesive APRA party (the traditional enemy of the military) had been steadily strengthening its position. The military coup of 1948 had followed by three weeks an abortive coup on the Left involving some Apristas and minority military factions. The resulting military government severely persecuted APRA leaders and forced the party's founder and chieftain Víctor Raúl Haya de la Torre to take refuge in the Colombian embassy for five years before an amnesty was finally granted.

Similarly, the 1962 coup canceled a Presidential election in which Haya was threatening to emerge victorious. (None of the three candidates had attained the necessary one-third plurality but the new Congress seemed destined to favor Haya.) The military today seems split over

APRA. Some remember when they had difficulty distinguishing it from the Communists and feared that an Aprista government would dismantle the traditional military institution and create a new, revolutionary military in its place. Others pay little attention to the party's evolution, remembering only the Trujillo massacre of 1932, when some Apristas captured a military barracks and slaughtered all the officers (impelling the military to round up some 6,000 Apristas and summarily execute them). However, an important sector of high-ranking officers has come to accept APRA as a legitimate political force, which if it gained power would no longer threaten military interests. Evidently, this group has not yet gained the ascendancy and it probably will not do so until the aging Haya relinquishes control of the party or at least ceases to be its Presidential candidate.

The military's traditional association with conservative groups must also be considered. Belaúnde had recently received authorization from the Congress to exercise emergency decree powers, and he had undertaken a program to establish a general property tax to obtain more revenues from the well to do; he was about to increase taxes on Peruvian investors who had placed their money in overseas banks and stock corporations; and he had already introduced a program banning imports of goods considered to be luxuries and adding a 15 per cent tax on other imported goods. Many of these measures were openly opposed by rightist elements, and one must be careful not to confuse the military's nationalistic fervor and perhaps anti-U.S. sentiment with a turn to the left.

Like earlier military juntas in Peru and elsewhere in Latin America, the Velasco junta has expressed scorn for the civilian parties and politicians. A cabinet crisis had ensued in June when Gen. Morales Bermúdez, the Treasury minister, resigned after the cabinet had failed to draw up a meaningful plan for economic recovery. In a publicized letter, General Morales said, in effect, that the civilian politicians were too pliant, lacking the discipline and commitment of the military. It remains to be seen whether General Velasco can reverse the current economic downturn, especially if he follows through on a policy of ardent nationalism, which would perhaps cut off the sources of necessary foreign credit.

Another major question is whether other civilian governments in Latin America are soon to fall victim to military coups from inability to cope with deteriorating economic conditions and consequent political instability. Two of South America's major countries, Brazil and Argentina, have already come under the rule of the military and seem destined to remain there indefinitely. Chile and Uruguay have long been exalted as shining examples of democracy in Latin America, with traditions of nonintervention by the military in politics. However, both are currently suffering very severe economic conditions and increased political instability. And both are surrounded by neighbors whose governments have come under military control. Should the military seize power in those two countries, perhaps students of Latin American politics will become less fascinated by the contrast between democratic and nondemocratic government and will focus their concern on barriers to socio-economic development.

CONGLOMERATES...

THE TOTAL CORPORATION

H. L. NIEBURG

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When Litton Industries begins to build ore carriers, Ling-Temco-Vought to make tennis rackets, and Aerojet General to manage California's traffic problems, what is happening? The new rationalized giants are going into fields previously organized in smaller units. With the systems approach, they are in effect pursuing the logical culmination of highly centralized operations and planning made possible by computers and by the capability to design technology to perform almost any task.

A handful of huge industrial organizations are becoming quasi-public utilities, dominating all areas of production and distribution, creating a self-sustaining, self-serving, self-justifying and self-perpetuating industrial oligarchy as the price for efficiency and progress. This is the predominant fact of American industrial life today. In the name of "private enterprise" giant corporations control their environment and immunize themselves against all external discipline, especially that of the market place. Through separation of ownership from management, the new giants are emancipated from stockholders. By reinvesting profits they escape the capital market and the financier. They neutralize consumer sovereignty by Madison Avenue manipulation of their clientele. By government contract, pressure-group activity, personnel interchange, etc., they share power with the state. Whatever the corporation cannot do for itself, it accomplishes through government; through policies and programs to maintain full employment, through subsidies for research and development, through support to education that will assure a supply of scientific and technical skills. The industrial giants come to perform society's planning functions, while preserving the myths of an anti-planning culture. The market place is dead, private property is dying, and impersonal and anonymous power structures are acting out Galbraith's "technological imperatives."

In 1968 more than 3,000 corporations will be consolidated into larger financial enterprises in the greatest merger wave in the country's history. As a result, the character of U.S. industry is being radically transformed. The typical corporation of the 1970s is apt to look like General Motors in the mid-1960s. Many such companies are sharply increasing their sales (eighty-three U.S. companies reported gross revenues last year of more than \$1 billion each), enlarging their profits (eighty-two manufacturers had net earnings of \$50 million or more in 1965), and expanding their international commitments (American firms are increasing their overseas investments at a rate of

more than \$10 million a day—see "Europe Defies the Dollar" by Michael Tanzer, *The Nation*, September 23). The era of the huge, diversified, international conglomerate is here. At the moment 200 corporations (out of a total of approximately 200,000) control nearly 60 per cent of the country's manufacturing wealth.

In 1963, 1,000 companies disappeared through merger in the United States; in 1964, almost 2,000. The number grows each year and is projected at 3,400 for 1968. Not only is the absolute number of mergers high by any standard of comparison (fewer than 200 firms vanished annually a decade ago) but a great many *large* firms are involved. In 1965, Pure Oil (with assets of \$750 million), Richfield Oil (assets: \$500 million), Consolidation Coal (assets: \$465 million) and ABC-Paramount were acquired by, respectively, Union Oil, Atlantic Refining, Continental Oil and International Telephone and Telegraph. Between 1948 and 1965, more than 800 companies, with assets of at least \$10 million each, were assimilated into larger empires, mostly those ruled by the 200 biggest manufacturing corporations. Art Buchwald may be right that "the whole country will soon be merged into one large company."

At one time most mergers involved direct competitors, or suppliers and their customers. Today more than 70 per cent of all mergers are of the conglomerate variety. Conglomeration has carried many firms into widely diversified product and geographic markets. Borden, a dairy company, is heavily engaged in chemicals. Lipton Tea (a subsidiary of Unilever, the English-Dutch colossus) controls Good Humor. R. J. Reynolds, commonly associated with cigarettes, sells poultry, canned soups, catsup and soft drinks. International Telephone and Telegraph, for years in the communications business outside the United States (it still is, with 150,000 employees in its foreign manufacturing plants alone), has acquired an odd assortment of enterprises: Hayes Furnace Co., Aetna Finance, Great International Life Insurance, Hamilton Management Co. (a \$400 million mutual fund), Avis Rent-a-Car, ABC-Paramount (itself diversified, with broadcasting, theatre, phonograph records and publishing assets), and Airport Parking (with facilities at air terminals in fifty-nine of the nation's largest cities). Continental Baking Co. (Wonder Bread, Hostess Cupcakes, Morton Frozen Foods, etc.) became in September a wholly owned ITT subsidiary by an exchange of shares totaling \$270 million. In late September, Xerox tendered an offer to acquire CIT, the nation's second largest finance company (insurance, banking, X-ray equipment, greeting cards, steel furniture, etc.) by pooling about \$1.5 billion worth of common stock.

Gulf and Western Industries, Inc., is another prime example of a fast-growing conglomerate. Five years ago, it was an unheralded producer and distributor of auto parts, with sales of \$107 million a year. Last year, Gulf &

Western had sales of \$1.3 billion. Its volume in the current fiscal year is expected to reach \$2 billion. The company's rapid-fire acquisition program has carried it into such fields as motion pictures and television, sugar, cigars, metal-working machinery, tools, bearings, consumer finance, insurance and paper manufacture. The company is currently bidding for a controlling interest in the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company, a big producer of farm, electrical and construction equipment that was unsuccessfully wooed last year by Ling-Temco-Vought and several other companies. Gulf & Western recently acquired 1.6 million shares of Pan American World Airways, about 5 per cent of shares outstanding, worth about \$39 million.

Aerospace firms (the major repository of advanced technology because defense and space innovation have for twenty years been the dominating factor in the organization of industrial life) are the most aggressive conglomerates, building on the foundation of profits and equities earned in the performance of government contracts. These industries claim priority in the operation of the nation's system controls. As spending for strategic weapons systems and space at last begins to inch downward (\$40 billion for aerospace contracts in 1968) and as domestic problems simultaneously sharpen, the aerospace companies are making this special capability available for the operation of Job Corps camps, the management and planning of poverty programs, crime fighting, waste management and urban transportation. Thus as public facilities and domestic needs at last begin to receive official attention, the quasi-public utilities are moving into areas where civil servants of municipal, state and national agencies or non-profit universities once did the job. They are converting every urgent social need into a profitable business.

Congressman Wright Patman has alerted the Justice Department to the role of commercial banks in the conglomeration process and the growth of concentration in banking itself. A staff study by the House Banking Committee contends that the banks' influence is exerted largely through the estimated \$607 billion in assets—many of them corporate stocks with voting rights—which banks hold as trustees for pension funds, foundations, private trusts and other actual owners. In addition, the report says, influence is exerted by directors who serve on the governing boards both of banks and of other businesses, as well as by the normal function of banks as sources of credit. "A few banking institutions are in a position to exercise significant influence, and perhaps even control, over some of the largest business enterprises in the nation," Patman reported.

To a considerable degree, the apparent financial success of new conglomerates is a fraud, destined to be transitory unless new acquisitions continue as a method of acquiring assets and cash reserves that can be reported as income by the holding company. Most of the mergers and acquisitions are carried out by exchanges of stock, a method which often enables the parent to buy a company with the latter's own assets. Complicated financial maneuvers accompany the merger; "paper pyramids" are constructed, involving convertible preferred stocks, convertible and nonconvertible debentures, warrants and the like. Without any

reduction in costs, without any of the claimed improvements in management and marketing, the stock and market value of the parent soars on the day a new company is acquired by a "pooling of interests." Because the stock of the acquired company had been selling at a lower price (relative to earnings) and because its assets have already been depreciated on its books, the parent conglomerate can "buy earnings" and create an impression of unusually rapid growth. Further, by reorganizing the acquisitions into a variety of new companies and then, on the wave of rising stock values, floating new securities, enormous sums can be milked for new absorptions.

The *Los Angeles Times* (August 6) reported a whopping jump in the earnings of Occidental Petroleum Corp., occasioned by the acquisition of two non-oil firms whose normal tax indebtedness would henceforth be sheltered by the 27.5 per cent depletion allowance.

In spite of a belated flurry of interest this year by the FTC and Justice Department, the federal government has provided little correction or control. Antitrust enforcement has checked mergers between some competitors (the merger of Bethlehem and Youngstown Steel was barred, for instance), but it has not seriously grappled with conglomeration. Fewer than 1 per cent of such mergers have been formally protested by the antitrust agencies.

Last summer, the FTC announced a sweeping investigation. It notified Gulf & Western to expect trouble if its plans to take over Allis Chalmers were pursued. Maremont Corporation has been put on notice that the FTC may some day order it to give up forty firms that it acquired over a fifteen-year period. The Antitrust Division of the Justice Department has been less eager to tackle conglomerate mergers, although nothing in the law prevents the government from seeking to unscramble them. Justice did zero in on a proposed merger of Bethlehem Steel and Cerro in March, 1968, and it was called off. In June, the division issued some guidelines that indicate rather clearly that other conglomerate mergers may be challenged. The Federal Communications Commission announced that purchase of A.B.C. stock by Hughes would be subjected to scrutiny. The FCC had previously blocked a merger of A.B.C. into International Telephone and Telegraph.

Donald I. Baker, acting assistant chief of the evaluation section of the Antitrust Division, has said that the conglomerate movement "represents a trend toward greater overall concentration in the economy," and expressed doubt that "there are any real economies of scale to be achieved by putting a number of disparate enterprises together in a single corporate structure."

Mr. Baker suggested three possible legislative changes which "Congress might make to deal with this trend . . . if it were to determine that some action were desirable." The first, he said, would involve some form of administrative approval for acquisitions by a company that had reached a specified size. This would require an administrative body, such as the FTC, to make rulings in each case. The second would involve requiring a company above a specified size to dispose of assets of comparable value each time it made a new acquisition. This might encourage large conglomerates to evaluate their acquisitions more carefully. A third possibility would be for Congress to modify the tax

provisions that make it attractive for the owners of an enterprise to sell to a conglomerate. The law now permits such an exchange of securities without capital gains tax.

Outside the government, some leading accountants are calling for changes in accounting practices that would make it harder to claim increased earnings as a result of mergers. Some would ban any mergers in industries that are dominated by a fairly small number of firms. Others would lay down a flat rule: no more mergers for the 100 or 200 largest companies!

The Securities and Exchange Commission entered the fray in September (1968), proposing a change in financial reporting by conglomerates to make it easier for investors to evaluate real profit. If the new rules are adopted, conglomerates will be required, on registering securities, to break down sales, income, and assets for separate divisions and subsidiaries that account for 10 per cent or more of volume. "Comparable data on revenues and earnings received from foreign sources and from government procurement or any single customer are also to be reported."

These proposed rules may be viewed as an SEC response to the threat of investigation by FTC and Justice. Two top conglomerate-builders have heatedly attacked the trend. James J. Ling charges "business McCarthyism and witch hunting" which, he says, has harmed thousands of investors. Glen McDaniel, chairman of Litton Industries, denounces the use "of abstract theories" to judge the legality of mergers. Candidate Richard Nixon has made conglomerate-freedom-from-investigation an explicit part of his campaign, promising in a recent document (October) that the securities industry will, if he is elected, be spared "the heavy-handed, bureaucratic, regulatory schemes" of the Johnson Administration.

Financial observers do not believe, however, that the trend will slow because of the FTC study or the Justice Department's warnings. They expect the study to take a long time and question whether Congress will implement it. Some suggest that the merger rate will rise as companies hasten to make acquisitions before a policy develops. The history of antitrust activity against traditional concentration does not inspire optimism in the efficacy of government to reverse the evolution of corporate power without far more basic changes in American society.

The process of concentration is self-perpetuating. With the trend being toward larger and fewer producers, raw-material suppliers and labor must organize defensively to maintain their bargaining power. On the other hand, the producer seeks to bring his suppliers and his distributors under his own control. The result of this circular process is continued concentration.

The price structure expresses the relative bargaining power of corporate organizations vis-à-vis one another, the consumer and the government. It becomes, in effect, a political fact, determined by political relationships. Each manufacturer seeks to improve his position by manipulating to the degree he can the levels of production and prices. Suppliers who are economically divided and weak can be exploited by more concentrated buyers who drive down the cost of raw materials. The consumer is weakest of all, and the administered prices of the goods he buys

are set so as to shift to him the cost of all the bargains which the manufacturer is forced to make with bankers, suppliers and labor unions.

This is very unlike the theoretical market of Adam Smith, where the savings of technological innovation and increased productivity are passed on to the consumer, thus increasing effective demand and production. In the quasi-monopolistic markets of a mature economy, production is set at a level which will maintain prices and acceptable profit margins in terms of costs, invested capital and the attractiveness of corporate paper to investors. The result is artificial restriction of production to stabilize prices at a high level. Technological innovation and other kinds of saving may produce a cutback of production to maintain the same or a higher price level.

Chronic high-level slack in the economy was obvious prior to the 1965 Vietnam escalation. In spite of five unprecedented years without recession, unemployment still stood at 6 to 8 per cent for white Americans, and twice as high for Negroes and teen-agers. U.S. productive capacity was about 12 to 18 per cent underemployed. The effects of the \$14 billion tax relief enacted in steps during that period, and of large peacetime federal budgets, soon wore off and the slack reappeared. Most startling of all is the evidence that even the fever prosperity of Vietnam escalation has been grinding to a halt during the past year, in spite of the injection of a \$24 billion to \$30 billion a year war stimulant. Growth of the GNP in 1967 was a disappointing 2.6 per cent.

Cartelization and quasi-monopolistic administered prices produce the paradoxical situation in which liquid capital accumulates in the accounts of those least able to find new ways of consumption and investment. Most people have great unsatisfied needs but limited effective demand, which produces the vicious circle by which corporate efforts to maintain profits act to reduce employment and income still further. To evade this circular effect, government is driven to increasing quantities of pump-priming and subsidy in order to augment purchasing power. But the power of the corporate giants to administer prices eventually soaks up additional consumer income with creeping (or, since 1965, galloping) price inflation, and leads once more to production at reduced levels and to the danger of more drastic contractions of economic activity.

Creeping inflation becomes a way of life, softened and maintained by periodic injections of public funds through tax reductions, welfare programs, subsidies to education, and the maintenance of employment and income levels through nongrowth government expenditures for R&D, space, defense and intellectual make-work projects. This dynamic gives the centers of concentrated economic power a vested interest in government spending, including welfare programs that do not threaten the *status quo*. Thus the most powerful elements of American business have converted to Keynesianism—but this new Keynesianism produces growth as a by-product of other processes which only enhance the distortions of power and income, thereby forcing government to maintain an ever larger subsidy defense against recurrent crises.

Federal budget expenditures on a cash basis now equal approximately one-quarter of total national income. Total public sector impact can be calculated in different ways: if one adds to the military budget all end-product expenditures by the federal government (including such things as military assistance, atomic energy, conduct of foreign affairs, space research, agricultural resources, public housing, urban renewal, etc.), one derives a figure of roughly \$87 billion. Similarly, end-product expenditures by state and local government amount to about \$27 billion (for education, highways, public welfare, health, hospitals, policy, etc.). One may also include what Robert Solo calls "politically directed expenditures to support consumption or investment by entities outside the political economy," but paid for by the public—about \$80 billion (including tax benefits, direct and indirect subsidies, etc.). To this may be added what Solo calls "politically directed income distribution," about \$8 billion in federal, state and local public assistance and welfare, \$20 billion in various social insurance payments, and \$4 billion to groups such as veterans and farmers. This gives a conservative estimate of some \$232 billion that is politically controlled, more than 25 per cent of the GNP. It is massive by any reckoning.

Business has prospered immensely under recent administrations and has come to accept government as a useful ally. Stimulated by a consciously expansionary fiscal policy, the economy has grown rapidly since 1961, sending corporate sales and profits to record heights. Until recent years, federal pump-priming aimed mainly to subsidize accumulation of capital in order to maintain employment and induce expansion by fostering investment. Tax benefits and traditional subsidies largely favored investment. A fundamental policy shift, which beckoned prior to 1965, was intended to expand the consumer market through tax relief at lower and moderate income levels, and to inject greater equity of effective demand into the chronically depressed sections of the civilian market. But this shift was corrupted into tokenism by the escalating Vietnam costs and by Congressional resistance.

The relative and chronic contraction of consumer purchasing power has been a serious drag on economic stability (not to mention positive growth). In addition, the inflation of paper equities increases the future share of income to be derived from interest and dividends, thus steadily adding to the drag. So-called liberal economists have since the Great Depression believed this mechanism to be primarily responsible for the modern pattern of cyclical contraction and general stagnation of the American economy. This became the official doctrine of the Kennedy-Johnson administration and, wonder of wonders, is now widely reflected by conservative and business economists. There is no longer an argument as to federal responsibility to make effective use of all policy instruments; the new controversies concern how, when, how much, for what ends, and in whose interests. In other words, "who gets what, when and how?" And the technical assessments can no longer be abstracted from the more pragmatic question: "How much power do they have, in Congress, at the polls or in the streets?"

The state has long since abandoned its classical pose of hands-off observer of the market, as well as the more re-

cent one of balancer among private power groups under conditions of imperfect competition. In a real sense, national coordination and policy making have integrated every aspect of economic life, a trend which also threatens other areas of private action. Political relationships have replaced supply and demand; group bargaining and pressure politics have largely replaced private bargaining and contract.

The old distinction between what is private and what is public is in the process of being abandoned; but an explicit role which will protect democracy and the public interest has not been formulated. The traditional means of checking corporate power has been some sort of direct regulation. The possible techniques range from a system that would require big companies in concentrated industries to give formal advance notice of price increases and provide evidence of need, to utility-like regulation that would call for detailed government control. Such plans are at present academic; the Administration has steadfastly refused even to acknowledge the possibility that someday the government might have to assume statutory authority to back up wage-price guidelines. The route of regulation is not promising; most studies of utilities disclose a tendency to define the public interest in terms of the profits and financial growth of the regulated companies.

The convergence of politics and economics reflects important changes in our national problems and institutions: the guarantees of pluralism based upon private property have all but passed away, revealing underlying political power relationships in a manner which converts almost all the traditional areas of private economic bargaining into political activity and policy dialogue. The political process, always close to the surface of economic organization and activity, has broken through and political factors increasingly assert their predominance. The breakthrough is induced by war and diplomacy, the multiplication of instruments for public intervention in economic life, the massive role of government procurement of goods and services, the forms of public subsidies and contracting, the tendency of the economy to lapse into high-level stagnation, the intensified concentration of private economic power, and the impact of accelerating technological innovation. Centralized and concentrated institutions produce a volatile and dangerous brand of political pluralism, but apparently the only kind that can challenge a computerized military-industrial society.

What must come is a system of values and institutions to replace economic initiative and private property as guarantors of political independence and pluralism. As economic pluralism disappears, only political pluralism, safeguarded by new institutions of representation, can make the exercise of power both responsive and limited. A heightened and more representative infra-structure of interest groups is necessary at all levels of society from local school boards to national regulatory agencies, in private as in public institutions. The contemporary politicization of the economic system is creating new constituencies whose ultimate effect upon public policy, already apparent, is to revise and reform the *status quo*. The monopoly of social purpose, too long in the hands of too few, cannot escape the challenge.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Future: Less and Less Security

UNLESS PEACE COMES: A Scientific Forecast of New Weapons. Edited by Nigel Calder. The Viking Press. 243 pp. \$5.75.

JOHN GLIEDMAN

Mr. Gliedman is a graduate student in psychology at M. I. T. and is at present at work on a spy novel.

The weapons of World War II already have an antediluvian air about them: the B-17, the B-24, the B-26, when not remembered as a jumble of letters and numbers or as items in the latest CIA operation, are recalled as lumbering prehistoric creatures limping under their load of heavy armor plate, bristling with gun turrets and radio antennas. Even the V-2 seems remote and dated, something from a Fritz Lang film rather than Peenemünde. Whether today's weapons will appear quite so tame from the perspective of another twenty years is problematic; but what is clear is that the next two decades will witness a terrifying proliferation of new and not so new weapons of mass murder and control.

More than an inkling of these prospects was provided by Herman Kahn and Anthony Wiener's chapter on technology in their book *The Year 2000*; for boldness, scope and originality, their treatment cannot be surpassed. But the topic is enormous and there is a great need for complementary efforts. One such study has just appeared, a collection of essays edited by Nigel Calder: *Unless Peace Comes: A Scientific Forecast of New Weapons*.

Surprisingly, the book is rather conservative in its approach. Of course one can glean from it a list of possible weapons which sounds like something from Central Casting—robot submarines and aircraft, perhaps “walking bombs” and robot soldiers; weather control used to cause droughts and devastating storms in an enemy's heartland, even the triggering of nearly irreversible changes in the climate; floating airfields and vast undersea submarine bases; laser “ray guns,” diseases of exceptional virulence which can be easily spread by a few saboteurs; gases and mind poisons still worse than the ones now in the arsenals of the major powers. And the prospect of the wide diffusion of at least some of these weapons (along with nuclear

explosives) among nations of nearly every size is terrible enough.

But many of the “advances” most likely in weaponry are overlooked or slighted. The potential for misuse of the “second generation” of psychic agents (tranquilizers, hallucinogens and the like) is barely treated, as are the Brave New World possibilities for biology, now that the manipulation of the genetic code and the production of clones seem within reach. Nor is the revolution in electronic miniaturization traced adequately—a process which has reached the point where some engineers believe they are twenty years away from being able to build as compactly as nature. (For an excellent discussion of these topics, the reader should consult Kahn and Wiener's *The Year 2000*.) Most seriously, perhaps, no attention is given to the future technology of guerrilla war and counterinsurgency.

And yet, even with these important omissions, the book illuminates perhaps the greatest of the many ironies of the arms race: that it often feeds upon breakthroughs in civilian fields—an irony which is all too easily overlooked because of the peaceful application of certain kinds of military research. Reactors which generate electricity create plutonium as a natural by-product; and so by 1971 the nuclear power plants of seven countries will be producing enough fissile material for each of them to make fourteen A-bombs a year—Canada, West Germany, India, Italy, Japan, Sweden and Spain. As for chemical weapons, it is argued in one essay that:

each piece of medical or psychopharmacological research undertaken for humane purposes in order to alleviate illness and save life, and each fundamental biochemical investigation undertaken in order to understand and satisfy our mind, may lead to possible military applications.

Nor are the contributors themselves immune to the air of cruel paradox which pervades the volume. Some of them lapse into manners of expression which belong to the future they warn of, a future in which man is reduced to something less than a machine. “The vulnerability of a target,” writes one of them, “to the impacting energy depends in a complex way upon the nature and duration of the energy and the charac-

teristics of the target, which is not uniformly vulnerable.”

Another speaks of a strange creature called a soldier: “The traditional function of a soldier, whether on foot or in a vehicle, is to find the enemy soldier and destroy him with a weapon. To do so he must propel himself across the land until he is close enough to detect the enemy by sight and aim his weapon. All these functions can be performed far better by a compact armored robot with a sophisticated walking mechanism.” A third writes: “Until now, the twentieth century has simply allowed latent infections to develop until violent conflict becomes inevitable. Any preventive treatment would be preferable to our drastic cures.” Only the last of these examples of Newspeak comes from the pen of a general; the others are by scientists. He who fights devils, said Nietzsche, must be careful not to become one himself.

But what strikes one most forcibly about the book is the extraordinary insecurity of the future world which it depicts, an insecurity which may provoke awesome countermeasures. When any of fifty nations can devastate a great power by infiltrating a few saboteurs armed with powerful toxins or psychic poisons; when a criminal ring or a band of political extremists can hold a city in ransom with the threat of an A-bomb explosion or a plague; when a single scientist, a technician, or in some cases anyone with a certain minimum of intelligence and access to a laboratory can synthesize a weapon of mass murder, the distinctive markings of a nation's enemies and its citizens will be hopelessly blurred; and there will be an immense premium upon surveillance of every imaginable sort. Just how far this could go is suggested by Kahn and Wiener in *The Year 2000*:

A capability for listening and recording temporarily (or even permanently) can be made very inexpensive. One can imagine the . . . recording of an appreciable percentage of . . . telephone conversations . . . [and] “bugged” conversations in bars, restaurants, offices. . . . It would then be feasible to scan these conversations rapidly by means of a high speed computer—at least for key phrases—and then record any conversations that meet some criteria for justifying special interest. . . . Indeed future computers

and programs should be able to carry out much more complex operations—possibly responding to nonverbal information, such as an unusually angry or threatening tone of voice. Such computers may also be able to apply a great deal of inferential logic on their own . . . making hypotheses and investigating leads in a more or less autonomous manner, all the while improving their techniques as they accumulate information about patterns of criminal behavior—or any other kind of behavior that authorities decide ought to be observed.

Whether this is just a paranoid fantasy or not, what Harvey Wheeler calls in his essay on "The Strategic Calculators" the "revolution in the handling of intelligence information" is already well under way:

The United States has been operating four intelligence analysis centers in Saigon, with computers reportedly operating twenty-four hours a day. Over a thousand workers add to their computerized files more than 100,000 items each month. . . . The long term aim is nothing less than to account for all enemy material and troops. Ultimately the system will be able to apply to enemy forces the same procedures of accounting and analysis that computerized inventory systems in industry use to account for the amount and location of production items. . . . If military information processing ever produces truly reliable projections of probable enemy actions, the consequences are clear. In the first place, decision-making will leave the hands of both field commanders and political authorities to become an adjunct of the information-processing system; then the computers may indeed take charge. Secondly, the tendency will be to make all military actions pre-emptive. . . . With the world brought under continuous surveillance operations, capable of piping masses of strategic information into real-time computer-analysis systems, the military prospect is for the advent of an age of pre-emptive warfare, triggered and directed by computer.

Physics, biology, medicine, psychology, cybernetics, geophysics, oceanography—the list of fields capable of producing or assisting major breakthroughs in weaponry grows longer and longer. Nearly twenty years ago, a pioneer in one of these fields, the late Norbert Wiener, seriously considered suppressing his work in cybernetics because of its great potential for misuse; but he decided against it:

After toying with the notion for some time, I came to the conclusion that this was impossible, for the ideas which I possessed belonged to the times rather than to myself. If I had been able to suppress every word of what I

had done, they were bound to reappear in the work of other people, very possibly in a form in which the philosophical significance and the social dangers would be stressed less. I could not get off the back of this bronco, so there was nothing for me to do but to ride it.

The social evils which Wiener foresaw involved the effect of automated factories on the economy. One wonders if he would have ridden his bronco if he had taken seriously all the military and police-state possibilities of cybernetics—not out of any rational calculation of good and evil but simply to avoid being associated with such an ambiguous enterprise. At any rate, when the issues were clearer, his position was unequivocal. Asked to assist a scientist working on the missile program, he categorically refused; and ended his letter explaining his position with these words: "I do not expect to publish any future work of mine which may do damage in the hands of irresponsible militarists."

At the end of their article on chemical warfare, Marcel Fetizon and Michel Magat write: "We must either eliminate science or eliminate war." Both alternatives are, of course, as extravagant as a world which has spent a trillion dollars on "defense" since World War II and is sure to spend still more on its weaponry in the next twenty years. No doubt it will get its money's worth.

Literal & Free

POEMAS HUMANOS/HUMAN POEMS. By César Vallejo. A bilingual edition. Translated from the Spanish by Clayton Eshleman. Grove Press. 326 pp. \$8.50.

JOHN KNOEPFLE

Mr. Knoepfle is a member of the English faculty at St. Louis University. He is the author of a book of poems *Rivers Into Islands* (University of Chicago Press).

César Vallejo, Peruvian poet who spent the last decade or so of his life in Europe, assembled some ninety-four poems in the months before his death in Paris in 1938. These poems were originally published by his widow in the following year. They have now been fully translated by Clayton Eshleman and have been printed by Grove Press in a volume with matching Spanish and English texts.

Vallejo's name is most often linked with Pablo Neruda's. These two men are considered to be the greatest Latin American poets of the first half of the 20th century. Vallejo was born in 1892

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in a small town in northern Peru. He died in a Paris clinic, his death hastened by the fall of the Spanish Republic whose fortune he had adopted as his own. In Peru his pride, his talent and his background, Indian and Spanish, caused his existence to be one of triumph and misadventure. He left his native land in 1923. The next fifteen years of his life are part of the history of Europe in the thirties; friends in Madrid and Paris whose names are now legendary, conversion to Marxism, trouble with the police, constant political activity and constant writing. During these hand-to-mouth years he produced in addition to his poetry several plays, novels, essays and a variety of newspaper articles. Much of this work remains to be collected and translated.

Vallejo is a difficult poet and a challenge to any translator. He has contempt for the poetic. He strews his thought like some primordial creature hurling boulders. When he wants to, he can write a superb idiomatic Spanish, but much of the time he jams and tortures his sentences. He is an engineer of speech; he arranges his words at will; and when he feels like it, he makes up his own words. At his best he overwhelms a reader. Even when he is grumbling fatalistically and sentimentally, he has appalling power.

Clayton Eshleman has been working

on his translations of *Poemas Humanos* for at least six years. He has lived in Peru for some of that time in an effort to get as close as possible to sources of Vallejo's art. In the preface of the volume, Eshleman states that he put each poem through nine revisions, and that he has learned that it is best to be as literal as possible in rendering Vallejo's poems into English. In an issue of *The Nation* (April 24, 1967), he wrote that a translator should "annihilate himself, facing another's inspiration."

This is indeed a noble ideal, and surprisingly, Eshleman is able to suppress a translator's normal impulse to arrange Vallejo, to smooth him out and to rewrite him. Eshleman has certainly worked hard at this. Earlier versions of the translations published in the quarterlies are poorer stuff when compared with the copies printed in the Grove Press volume. Eshleman has modified his initial conception of Vallejo's voice: Vallejo no longer sounds like a talented Village dropout. There is an evident respect now for the compactness of Vallejo's line; an admirable attempt has been made to reproduce the pace and fluidity of that line.

Eshleman's labor gives us again and again translations which reveal moments of excellence. These lines from "Life, this life" are literal where a translator should be literal, and free where he can be free:

*Bursting ineffaceable doves,
fragrant doves,
handwounded they'd come, would turn
up
along hazardous digestive routes
to tell me their phosphorescent things,
storytelling birds,
transitive long-lobed birds*

In this passage it is "bursting ineffaceable" and "would turn up" and "storytelling" where he made a choice among various possibilities and took what he thought best for his purposes. In the more unexpected phrases of Vallejo, he keeps to the strange and the literal: "hazardous digestive routes" and "transitive long-lobed birds." The result is a beautiful rendering of Vallejo's impossible poetry.

Being literal for Eshleman means that he will go to strange English constructions when Vallejo is doing the same in Spanish:

*A pillar supporting solace,
pillar other,
duplicate pillar, pillarish*

In the poem which opens with the line "Sweetness through heartic sweetness," Eshleman has coined the makeshift "heartic" to approach the rich density of Vallejo's *corazona*.

On occasion, however, Eshleman does violence to his own ideal as a translator.

THE OFFERING (Allahabad, India)

*Just where two sacred rivers join,
Worshippers offer yellow flowers,
Cupsfull of milk, and a silence so fluent
The creak of a boat or a heron's cry
Seems trying to sound assent
And even the rag spinning by was given
By someone in token. I offer
My hand to the waters.*

*You can follow the smouldering shine of bathers
Down to where corpses smoke, and temples
Behind, and houses squeezed like a mob
Trying to get at the shore to drop
Something in, if only their silence,
And it's all one motion, you feel it by hand,
As your fingers blindly tug
Toward the only ocean.*

LEONARD NATHAN

In "I'm laughing," he transposes *barbados de barba inmemorial* into "bearded with immemorial beards," a horror in English which cannot be justified from the Spanish. The poem "Violence of the hours" is well translated for the most part, but the conclusion suffers because Eshleman milks *velándola* of a meaning that is not in the word. It can mean "to keep watch over" or "to hold a wake," but not "to wake up." Eshleman's "waking it" for *velándola* leaves the reader sprawled on a pun, not knowing whether something is being awakened or watched over.

Sometimes passages in the translations defy a reader. In "Telluric and Magnetic," the reader has to confront "and I make myself understood on a quena." The word *quena* is a loan from Quechua and means "a kind of Indian flute." It is an inkhorn term in English and for all a reader can make of it, Eshleman could just as well have served up *dimit* or *whoosha*. In "A pillar supporting solace" the line *las tablas de esta frente* becomes "the tablas of this forehead," an example of a number of instances where Eshleman translates from one language into the same language. Footnotes would have been helpful in such cases.

At least in one poem, the beautiful "El Libro de la Naturaleza," Eshleman's devotion to the literal seriously obscures the meaning. Vallejo is sustaining a conceit throughout this poem which involves, among other things, a deck of cards. Phrases such as "three of cups," "horse of golds" and "king of swords" have English equivalents in hearts, diamonds and spades, but are meaningless as they stand in the translation.

And then there are times when Eshle-

man forgets that he is a disciple and tries to re-create Vallejo; and whenever this happens the reader's hackles rise. The last line of "Poem to be Read and Sung," for instance, makes Vallejo's plain *Es una historia* into "What a fucking story!"

These translations have evident weaknesses, but the cumulative effect of the volume is strong and impressive. The bad spots usually are limited to a word or a line at the most. More often than not, Eshleman has managed to follow Vallejo through his changes and most of the time he has not confused his own style with Vallejo's. The book is readable and flashes page by page with good things. These lines begin "Anniversary":

*How much fourteen there's
been in existence!
What we believed in the fog on a
corner!
What a synthetic diamond the skull is!
How much more sweetness
lengthwise, deeper surface:
how much fourteen there's been in so
little one!*

And these conclude "Well? The pallid metalloid heals you?":

*And the hen lays her infinite,
one by one;
beautiful earth comes out of the
smoking syllables,
you are depicted standing next to your
brother,
under the bed the dark color thunders
and the octopi race and collide.
And then, lord slave?
The metalloids work in your anguish?*

Eshleman has approximated the tortured, deliberate scientific rhetoric and sudden poetry of the great Peruvian who looked at men and God with the eyes of Job.

The Art of Artifice

LOST IN THE FUNHOUSE. By John Barth. Doubleday & Co. 216 pp. \$4.95.

ALFRED APPEL, Jr.

Mr. Appel is a professor of English at Northwestern University. His annotated edition of *Lolita* will be published by McGraw-Hill in 1969, and he is preparing a critical study of Nabokov for *New Directions*.

"How does one write a novel?" asks the narrator of John Barth's first novel, *The Floating Opera* (1956). "I mean, how can anybody possibly stick to the story, if he's at all sensitive to the significance of things? As for me, I see already that storytelling isn't my cup of tea." And now, half a million printed words later, Barth's fifth book makes it clear that storytelling is definitely not for him. Of the fourteen short fictions in *Lost in the Funhouse*, only three could be called "stories" in the old-fashioned sense of character, point of view and linear development. Two of them, "Ambrose His Mark" and "Water-Message," were first published in magazines five years ago and are quite conventional. The evocation of boyhood in "Water-Message" surprisingly recalls Sherwood Anderson and Hemingway ("The Three-Day Blow") and, in the context of the highly experimental fictions surrounding them, these stories appear as dinosaurs in a mirror-lined museum. The remainder were written during the last three years—that is, since the completion of *Giles Goat-Boy*—and represent Barth's contribution to what he has called "the literature of exhausted possibility" (in an article published last year in *The Atlantic*).

Because he is one of the most intelligent fiction writers around, Barth has confronted the fact that most bright folks no longer read novels for information of a high sort, as they once did, and that the media and behavioral sciences, as well as novel reportage (Mailer) and a new kind of historical novel (Schlesinger's *A Thousand Days*), have helped to make programmatic literary realism an anachronism.

What is more, Barth is not alone in thinking that a fiction writer's efforts to articulate unique, if not all but ineffable, states of mind and feeling are unhappily circumscribed by the conventions of language and literature. "Oh I wish there were some words in the world that were not the words I always hear!" bemoans Snow White, in Donald Barthelme's novel of that name. "Only in the tritest of terms," says Nabokov's Humbert Humbert, "can I describe Lo's features: I might say her hair is auburn, and her lips are red as licked red candy . . . oh, that I

were a lady writer who could have her pose naked in a naked light!" "Everything's been said already, over and over," writes Barth in "Title," one of the most interesting tales in *Lost in the Funhouse*. "I'm as sick of this as you are; there's nothing to say. Say nothing. . . . The fact is, the narrator has narrated himself into a corner." From their respective corners, however, a handful of writers—Barth included—have nevertheless produced an important and distinctive body of work.

It is a cerebral, hard-surfaced, often

fantastic fiction, whose forms evolve constantly in unexpected, quantum-quick ways. Its creators employ erudition (real and bogus), game, parody and self-parody—in short, artifice of one sort or another—in order to distance the reader from its dappled, often dazzling surfaces. Characters are not identified with so easily, and the stories, such as they are, do not encourage vicarious participation. The wonder, awe, terror or laughter variously evoked by these fictions is usually experienced at arm's length from the work. Metaphysics, rather than depth psychology, is often the rule, and readers are asked to think as well as feel.

Even more upsetting to certain readers

Went to the river, hoping you'd come,
Your eyes full of lightning, your hair all undone.
—Mad River 1:3



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is the presence in these fictions of an authorial voice (or voices) whose intrusions involute the work. The word "involution" may trouble some readers, but one has only to extend the dictionary definition. An involuted work turns in upon itself, is self-referential and conscious of its status as an invention. An ideally involuted sentence would simply read, "I am a sentence," and Barth's "Title" and "Life-Story" come as close to this dubious ideal as any fiction possibly can. The components of "Title" sustain a miraculous discussion among themselves, sometimes addressing the author ("Once upon a time you were satisfied with incidental felicities and niceties of technique"). One can only envy "Life-Story" for its ability to criticize itself with a coldly ironic succinctness: "self-conscious, vertiginously arch, fashionably solipsistic, unoriginal—in fact a convention of 20th-century literature. Another story about a writer writing a story! Another regressus in infinitum!"

This kind of fiction is indeed by now a convention, though it is ironic that too many readers do not know this. Neither do they realize that Barth, age 38, is already part of the *second* generation of post-modern (or post-realistic, post-symbolist or post-Freudian) writers, whose masters are Samuel Beckett, Jorge Luis Borges and Vladimir Nabokov, those virtual septuagenarians who are today what Joyce, Proust and Kafka were to the previous generation of writers.

Barth has expressed his high opinion of Borges, and several turns in

Lost in the Funhouse—especially the formal locutions of the prose—echo the Argentinian belletrist. Thus Barth's "Two Meditations" recalls Borges' parables in *Labyrinths*, and "Life-Story" in part suggests "The Circular Ruins." The studied paradoxes distributed throughout *Funhouse* are fully in the spirit of Borges' marvelously titled essay, "A New Refutation of Time," while Barth's "Menelaïad" is a brilliant, extended Homeric improvisation on a comment by Borges. Yet the problem of Borges' "influence" is finally irrelevant; "every writer creates his own precursors," says Borges, and Barth's remarks in *The Floating Opera* and his exhaustion of both form and reader in *The Sot-Weed Factor* and *Giles Goat-Boy* suggest he would have arrived at his present position (if not manner) with or without Borges' inspiration. Genuinely troubling, however, is the effect on Barth of McLuhan and so-called "mixed-means" or "intermedia" art.

"Fiction for Print, Tape, Live Voice" reads the subtitle of *Lost in the Funhouse*, and the jacket photograph shows the author at ease in an electronics lab. But Barth's "Author's Note" is more cryptic than not: "'Glossolalia' will make no sense unless heard in live or recorded voices, male and female, or read as if so heard; 'Echo' is intended for monophonic authorial recording, either disc or tape. . . . 'Title' makes somewhat separate but equally valid senses in several media: print, monophonic recorded authorial voice, stereophonic ditto in dialogue with itself," and so forth. It is rumored that Doubleday initially planned to issue a long-playing record with the book, and it is too bad they did not produce this potential "Top 40" disc ("And now kids, some boss sounds: let's give a spin to John Barth's latest side"), for the various voices are not always as distinguishable as Barth would hope. He might well have found typographical equivalents for them, such as different colored inks, or italics, which he uses most effectively in the excellent title piece. "Title" lends itself to dramatic form, and the taping itself might have been dramatized, unless this would have seemed too reminiscent of Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape*.

Barth's tentative efforts to assimilate "intermedia" art suggest that being up to date is not in itself a virtue. Characteristically, Barth himself says as much. "That some writers lack lead in their pencils does not make writing obsolete," declares "Title," "Unfashionable or not," it continues, "what goes on between [people] is still not only the most interesting but the most important thing in the bloody murderous world, pardon the adjectives." And in "Life-Story," an author stops short of "throw[ing] out the baby with the bathwater."

Its survival is demonstrated by "Petition," which is narrated by a Siamese twin who suspects that his brother is going to kill him. The story's epistolary form is hardly new, and its connection with the traditional *Doppelgänger* tale is clear enough; even the specific idea of the Siamese twins has already been used (by Nabokov, among others). But old-fashioned or not, "Petition" is a haunting fiction, and its deeply affecting paranoid energies make it a highlight of *Lost in the Funhouse*, however paradoxically.

Conversely, "Night-Sea Journey," in conception the most original tale in the volume, is nevertheless one of the least successful. Although many readers may not recognize it, the swimming hero is a spermatozoan. Because it is the Moby Dick of the species, its journey is pregnant with too, too many Meanings (the three poor puns above are all intentional, and of a kind Barth is not above making). The overly schematic allegorical overtones may recall similar elements in *Giles Goat-Boy*. If "Lost in the Funhouse" is the best fiction in the book, it may be because Barth has it both ways, moving the reader back and forth between realistic and fantastic realms which finally cohere: "the bloody murderous world" that is the funhouse of Ocean City, N.J., visited by a youthful avatar of the author, and the funhouse that is artificer Barth's wing in James's accommodating "House of Fiction."

Paradoxes abound in *Lost in the Funhouse*. Its most involuted fictions, such as "Title," recognize that they are trying to go beyond the purview of fiction, of language itself: "literature's not likely ever to manage abstraction successfully, like sculpture," and Barth may have in mind the states of immobility which Beckett's most recent works can only attempt to express, but which Giacometti managed well enough.

Strangely unsettling are the ways in which Barth's funhouse fictions anticipate the reactions of hostile or impatient readers: "Who doesn't prefer art that at least overtly imitates something other than its own processes? That doesn't continually proclaim 'Don't forget I'm an artifice!'" This is, of course, ironic. Works ostensibly about themselves are concerned with much more besides the formal properties of art, and a backstage, workshop, drawing-board view of the artifices of fiction suggests a good deal about the fiction of reality.

When the first sentence of "Title" says, "Beginning: in the middle, past the middle, nearer three-quarters done, waiting for the end," it is not merely talking shop with itself but is engaging the reader in an eschatological farce that is ultimately his own "story."

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Book Marks on Israel

MICHAEL J. BANDLER

Mr. Bandler spent more than three years as a member of the United Nations bureau of The New York Times.

THE ROAD TO JERUSALEM. By Walter Laqueur. The Macmillan Co. 368 pp. \$6.95.

In the days and weeks following the Israeli-Arab lightning war, the first books describing the event began to appear, consisting mostly of newspaper and photography accounts. Within several months, more detailed works by Randolph and Winston Churchill, Yael Dayan, Robert Donovan and Roderick Macleish were published. By the first months of 1968, some works entered the market which dealt only tangentially with the war: Chaim Raphael's Midrashic work, *The Walls of Jerusalem*, was delivered to the publisher on the day that those walls were captured by the Israelis—there was no other connection. *Days of Fire* by Samuel Katz, an absorbing insider's account of the pre-statehood Jewish terrorist organization, the Irgun, was not really related to the war of 1967 either. Others, however, such as Maurice Samuel's *Light on Israel* and Hugh Nissenson's *Notes from the Frontier*, did deal with the effects of the war upon the civilian population in Israel and the Jewish people around the world.

During the summer months, other analyses have emerged. They complement one another, covering all shades of opinion—from the most passionately Zionist to the neutral and Palestinian views. All that is lacking, unfortunately, is the story as told by the Arabs, though some of those available attempt to relate and analyze the Arab position.

One of the best of these is Walter Laqueur's *The Road to Jerusalem*, a distinguished work that covers the prewar and postwar crises, but omits the chronicle of the battles. Professor Laqueur explains in his introduction that for the student of politics, the three weeks from May 15 to June 5, 1967 "are of even greater interest than the war."

Concluding that "there is an Arab as well as an Israeli case," the author describes the deep malaise of the Arab world extending far beyond the military setback. He traces the causes of the crisis historically and cites the decisive moments as May 15, 1967, when the UAR troop movements were disclosed; April 7 of the same year, when the Syrian-Israeli air battle occurred; the November, 1966, Israeli retaliatory attack in force on the village of Es-Samu; the beginnings of guerrilla activities in

January, 1965; the Suez crisis of 1956; the declaration of independence by Israel in 1948; and the first wave of European immigration to Palestine in 1882.

His book includes a good analysis of the changes that were occurring in the Arab countries during the 1960s, and in the minds of the leaders. He discusses the initial confrontations at Sharm El-Sheikh and in Sinai, and concludes that Secretary-General Thant—the recipient of much abuse in May and June—"acted precipitately, but he is not the main villain; it was not his war."

ISRAEL AND WORLD POLITICS. By Theodore Draper. The Viking Press. 278 pp. \$5.75. Paper \$2.25.

In *Israel and World Politics*, Theodore Draper offers his thesis on the causes of the war. He argues that the Soviet Union decided to fight a war by proxy in the Middle East. Their scare tactics, foisted upon the Syrians and Egyptians, together with the overwhelming hubris of President Nasser, made the conflagration inevitable, and he quotes a Soviet spokesman, who said in an interview in *Le Monde*: "Nasser should have proceeded in a more prudent and especially a more moderate fashion. He should not, in any case, have made threats to exterminate the state of Israel."

Draper is unrelenting in his condemnation of the role of the United States, Britain and especially France during the four weeks in 1967 from May 15 to June 15. He reserves some of his sharpest criticism for Richard H. Nolte, a man with "an excessive deference for Arab sensibilities" whom President Johnson sent to Cairo as ambassador on May 31, 1967. When asked his view of the impending crisis upon his arrival, he replied, according to one version, "What crisis?" and, according to another, "There is no crisis in the Middle East. This thing will not amount to much."

Draper also criticizes those politicians who would link Vietnam and Israel in one framework, and make support of U.S. policy in one instance conditional upon support of it in the other. He warns against the wars of proxy fought by the Soviets in the Middle East in 1967, and by the United States in Cuba in 1961, noting that "war by proxy still remains the most dangerous game of armed conflict the great powers are playing today." A helpful series of appendices contains texts of press conferences, speeches, letters and *aide-memoires* of key figures in the conflict.

ISRAEL WITHOUT ZIONISTS. By Uri Avnery. Macmillan Co. 215 pp. \$5.95.

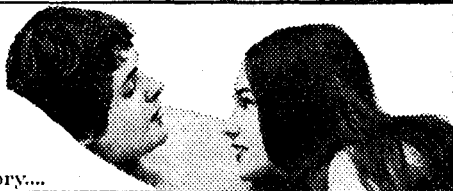
Uri Avnery is a controversial member of the Israeli parliament, the Knesset. In *Israel Without Zionists*, he sets forth his proposal for Arab-Israeli cooperation through a federation of two states which would embody the two nations in Palestine—Israel and the Republic of Palestine. He cautions Zionist advocates that the only alternatives for Israel are the ceding of the occupied territories or the annexation of additional areas. The refugees must be given a choice between compensation and repatriation, something that the author asserts should have transpired immediately after the war. Avnery's scheme, when placed in the context of Zionist history as he describes it, holds some merit; it is at the very least in the interests of the people among whom he resides.

THE SANDSTORM. By David Kimche and Dan Bawly. Stein & Day. 319 pp. \$6.95.

The most comprehensive book to be written on the war, surpassing even the fine Laqueur work, is *The Sandstorm*, by *Jerusalem Post* correspondents David Kimche and Dan Bawly. This is an objective study of the war, the events leading to it, the aftermath in both Israeli-occupied areas and in the Arab lands, and the big-power involvements.

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Kimche and Bawly disclose several new pieces of information, based on captured documents and battle reports. One issued by UAR Field Marshal Amer (who later died mysteriously in his Egyptian cell) asserts that the Israeli Government did not succeed in obtaining United States support before the war. This contradicts the distorted tale concocted by Nasser and Hussein immediately after the war and later reversed.

The authors include the moderate Arab views of Bourguiba and Houranti, contrasting them with the Al-Ahram stands; on the political front, they praise the efforts of special UN representative Gunnar Jarring, and refrain from criticizing Secretary-General Thant.

They see peace arriving only "when new leaders take over and when the Middle East is removed from the grip of the cold war." *The Sandstorm* is a sober, well-written account of a cautious push toward that peace.

ISRAEL: POLITICS AND PEOPLE.

By Leonard J. Fein. Little, Brown and Co. 338 pp. \$6.95.

Leonard J. Fein's book discusses the centers of power in the country, the parties and their ideologies and the relationship between the government and the people. Noting the problems faced by the new nation in its rapid development, he observes in a postwar epilogue that

... the country which had been so agonizingly in search for itself had found, if not a total definition, at least a scrap of understanding. That understanding would not solve the myriad problems, but it would, by placing them within a new perspective, make them bearable. Henceforward they were likely to be seen as problems rather than pathologies; henceforward they would, no doubt, be faced with greater confidence, as would the whole experiment with nationhood itself.

This excellent summation provides a reasonable picture of what the Israeli man in the street is thinking today, and how he may react to events in the near future.

MISSION SURVIVAL. Edited by Ruth Bondy, Chad Zmora and Raphael Bashan. Sabra Books. 503 pp. \$7.95.

One of the few anthologies on the subject, this collection, edited by three Israeli journalists, contains writings and speeches during the two-month period of the crisis, its prelude and its aftermath. It ranges from such contributors as Abba Eban, General Dayan, Nasser's spokesman, Mohammed Heykal, to Nahum Eisensthal, a 5th-grade student in Tel Aviv. The book is interesting not only

as an insight into the trials of people caught up in an impending catastrophe but also a prime source book for press conferences and major statements during the crisis.

ISRAEL ON THE SEVENTH DAY. By Ruth Gruber. Hill & Wang. 214 pp. \$6.50.

Recollections of Israel's development, from the days of illegal immigration in the 1940s to the recent war. The author was in the tiny nation at the time of its independence, during the 1948-49 war, and since that time on numerous visits. She describes her visit after the 1967 war to Shederot, a development town near the Gaza Strip, and comments on the care that was taken by the Israeli forces to preserve the holy places in Jerusalem intact. "Many Jewish soldiers lost their lives," she remarks, "that buildings might live." Miss Gruber's concise semi-autobiographical work is an excellent basic book on the history of the state, as seen through the eyes of one of its most frequent visitors.

THE HAND OF MORDECHAI. By Margaret Larkin. Thomas Yoseloff. 256 pp. \$5.95.

This is a vivid portrayal of kibbutz life, as well as a solid account of the history of one of Israel's most famous settlements, Yad Mordechai, near Gaza. Margaret Larkin recalls the founders of the settlement, the wave of Polish immigration, the 1947 partition plan of the UN which placed the kibbutz on the Arab side, and the famous, even legendary siege in the year of independence. She attributes the Egyptian failure to capture Yad Mordechai in 1948 to the invading army's lack of preparedness for war, its low morale and the poor physical condition of its troops.

BIBLE AND SWORD. By Barbara W. Tuchman. Funk & Wagnalls. 412 pp. \$6.95. Paper \$2.95.

A reissue of a work originally published in 1956, which traces the origins of Britain's Palestine mandate from Roman times, to the Balfour Declaration in 1917.

AFRICAN ZION. By Robert G. Weisbord. Jewish Publication Society. 347 pp. \$6.

A scholarly treatise on the period at the turn of the century when feelings ran high in favor of creating a Zionist state in Black Africa. Weisbord presents the diverse reactions to the plan expressed by the press in Great Britain, in the

Sephardic community and among the white settlers in East Africa.

STRIKE FIRST! By David Dayan. Pitman Publishing Corp. 292 pp. \$6.95.

Strike First! is a day-by-day account of the six-day war by the chief correspondent of the Israeli army broadcasting service, reconstructed from the many dispatches he received from all branches of the armed services. From these and from additional taped interviews, Dayan conveys not only the feelings of his army but also those of the enemy that the Israelis encountered in the field. Included are numerous battle maps tracing the route of the victorious forces.

ISRAEL. By Oden Meeker. Charles Scribner's Sons. 358 pp. \$7.95.

In a book about Israel unconnected to the war, Oden Meeker, a reporter and former executive of CARE, divides his subject into geographical areas and devotes a chapter to each region's cultural, religious, aesthetic and political histories. He sees Israel "in a kaleidoscope held to the light, slowly turning, the jagged mosaic of bits of colored glass, harsh reds and greens and yellows and purples sharply sporadically shifting, yet always forming a pattern." Meeker sees the future of Israel as "ein brera," meaning there is no choice: no choice, he says, but to fight to preserve the state as a living, sovereign political entity. He recalls the past of Safed, of General Allenby, of the holocaust, of ancient Phoenicia and of Masada, and includes detailed portraits of contemporary people, among them Abie Nathan, the peace pilot; Dr. Rolf Pauls, the first West German envoy to Israel; Dr. Nelson Glueck, the archaeologist, and Miriam Mirvish, a handicraft shopkeeper. It is a beautiful study of a people and of a nation.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

What Zeffirelli's film version of *Romeo and Juliet* puts across very well is the extreme youthfulness of the principals. They are young in years and young for their years—a couple of silly kids, swept away by their green lust. And given that emphasis, one sees the play as a tragedy of immaturity. What with those old brawlers, Montague and Capulet, blustering behind gangs of street boys led by the hysterical Mercutio (John McEnery) and the braggart Tybalt (Michael York); what with the recklessly meddle-

THE NATION/October 28, 1968

some Friar Laurence and the sentimentally irresponsible Nurse, there are no adults about—unless it be the County Paris, who was at least soberly negotiating a suitable wife for himself.

The film makes this point most specifically in the pivotal duel between Mercutio and Tybalt: they are shown as a couple of neighborhood warlords, vaunting their courage with grandstand high jinks, trying for a victory by humiliation, and giving no strong impression of a taste to kill or be killed. Tybalt's sword slides home by accident as Romeo tries to part them. Verona was a city of children—beautiful, gay, cruel, and tumbling toward disaster.

This is a valid approach and, as the saying goes, I was not sorry to see it. I could, however, have been a lot happier. The ads boast, "no ordinary love story"—which is understatement, for once—but the trouble with the film is precisely that it has become a rather ordinary story. *Romeo and Juliet* is a tragedy constructed on the highly contrived machinery of Elizabethan comedy; it is not the plot but how Shakespeare used it that counts. And how he used it is scarcely given a chance by Zeffirelli.

In the first place, the language is gone. Cut and mauled and shouted above the tumult of what often seems a musical comedy in full spate, the lines flicker and die like despairing strains of music in a public catastrophe. Beyond that, there is a pace to *Romeo and Juliet*—a quick ascent to the spark of meeting, a sustained moment of stillness around the lovers, and then the world crests up and thunders down on them. But Zeffirelli magnifies scenes for his cinematic pleasure, inventing diversions, stringing a few staccato lines across long passages of melodramatic business, capitalizing on architectural delights, and losing sight of the fact that the attendant action was not provided for its own picturesque sake but to enclose, to protect, and then to sweep the lovers away. Zeffirelli so distorts the pace that the meetings of Romeo and Juliet become fleeting incidents in the extended riot and revelry of Verona.

The director indulges himself in this way partly, I suspect, because, like Mercutio and Tybalt, he enjoys showing off. But beyond that he cannot work to the focus of the principals with the performers he has chosen. Olivia Hussey and Leonard Whiting are kids indeed, not actors, and they are by far the least interesting figures on the screen. It is a dramatic disaster when the death of Mercutio becomes more memorable than the awakening of Juliet, when you cannot readily distinguish Romeo from the other rowdies, when the balcony scene

is better remembered for its architecture than for the vows exchanged.

Any pretty young couple can enact the story of *Romeo and Juliet*: if you like, they need not speak or act at all—the action around them will sustain the plot. But if it is to be "no ordinary love story," you require actors of no ordinary talent, ones who can seem to exhaust the experiences of a lifetime in two days of knowing each other, so that in a sense they do not die young; who can make legend out of a theatrical machine. The magic is in the poetry, in the timing, in the fragile isolation of the stupendous duets. *Romeo and Juliet* is a play peculiarly ill-suited to show business, and the appetizing sight of the lovers naked in bed together is no fair exchange for Shakespeare.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

There are more than a few people in Europe and America who believe that the company known as The Living Theatre (Brooklyn Academy of Music) is making a vital contribution to the theatre. Having seen three of its four presentations I judge that *Le Living* (as the French call it) is more concerned with "living" than with theatre.

The company disarms criticism. Its productions are a way of life, closer to religious manifestations than to either art or entertainment. Though it borrows haphazardly from various arts and artists, The Living Theatre is anti-art. One cannot blandly declare that its performances are boring because they lack measure, every turn, scene and sound being prolonged to our breaking point: "rituals" are always enervating to the uninitiate. "Be bored, you brutes!" the company might retort. "Get sore! Go crazy!—then at least you will be open to emotion!" The usual points made against the "Living's" group exhibits are not relevant to its intention.

My initial impression on seeing *Frankenstein*, the first item in the four-week program, was not of the company's rancor but of sweetness. No matter how absurd the cavortings, I thought only of the company's childlike dedication, the passionate commitment of kids to their games. The sillier the things I beheld the more sympathetically naive and primitively "idealistic" they seemed. People who have suffered ridicule, abuse, penury, perhaps even persecution, and who can still hurl themselves about with wild fury, shrieking apocalyptic slogans

in generally untrained voices and worse diction, can't be all bad.

It has been objected that *Frankenstein* is no play. It certainly isn't drama, that is, literature. But it is all *play*, approximating what is loosely termed "total theatre." As theatre there were only two effective things in *Frankenstein*. One was the scene in which Man was operated on, all his organs being extracted so as to fashion a new Creature, a dismembered monster. The operation, with its multicolored tubing and electric gadgets crisscrossing in an inextricable tangle over the prostrate body of the victim, reminded me of Matta's paintings of intricate sadism by machinery. When the Creature emerged it was as an enormous, grotesque figure composed by the assembled players in an elaborate acrobatic stunt. That was the second effective moment.

For the rest there was noise, sloppy

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(though strenuous) movement, caricatural statuesque poses and unsightly exercises for "purification," in the second bill, *Mysteries and Smaller Pieces*; and in Brecht's *Antigone*, the company's third bill, crude borrowings from Brecht, Grotowski, Yoga, Hindu chants, and whatever else might arise from the flotsam and jetsam of improvisation.

If you complain of a dreadful lack of professional skill in these proceedings the answer might well be that professionalism is anathema here: these folk are fanatics of amateurism. I have already suggested that the company is only marginally a theatrical organization. It is a cult and a cult must have a doctrine. What is theirs? It is a utopian anarchy. Its passwords announced (in an incense-filled atmosphere) by the company's high priest, Julian Beck, and chorally repeated by his ragged acolytes, are: Stop the War, Freedom Now, Stop the Draft, Free the Blacks, Free the Poor, Abolish the Police, Open the Jails, Abolish Money, Abolish Banks, Abolish the State.

In *Antigone*, the heroine (Judith Malina) says that it would be better if the victims of tyranny gathered the expression of their protests and did something useful with them. That was the one moment I was inclined to applaud. For what The Living Theatre is now doing is hardly useful, unless one be-

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GEORGE BOWERING

lieves that any and all expressions of dissent are valuable and that any departure from convention is a liberating force. I fear, on the contrary, that the basic lack of discipline—of craft and mind—in this as in many other present-day forms of dissent is an invitation to repression, a beckoning to both martyrdom and fascism. For with all the good will of which one is capable, one must recognize mental deficiency in this particular mode of protest. The religion becomes hysteria, the ritual inept, the catharsis flat.

"The horror has failed to horrify," Brecht says in his interesting version of *Antigone*. This applies *a fortiori* to the work of The Living Theatre. The more impassioned it is, the louder its members scream, grovel on the ground, howl, snarl, spit, mock, bluster, fume, pile "dead" body on body, the less we care. And this precisely because there is so little art in it—that is, original inspiration plus thought, rigorous calculation, skill and self-critical application. Boldness is not enough; it frequently turns out to be foolishness.

The Great White Hope by Howard Sackler, directed by Edwin Sherin, first presented at Washington's Arena Theatre and now to be seen at the Alvin, is a real good show—and a few other things besides.

It succeeds as "propaganda" by not seeming to be exactly that. One reason for this is that, being largely based on the life and times of the former world heavyweight champion Jack Johnson, the first black man to win the title, it is situated in what for most of us is the distant past: the years before and during World War I. The detachment gives the audience, now presumably free of prejudice, a chance to view the depicted events as an episode in the history of our shame of which it need not feel personally guilty. Jack Johnson, like the Jack Jefferson of the play, won the crown fair and square, but being a black he was traduced and hounded by the white community until, almost an old man, he was battered down by the great white hope.

There is a wonderfully funny and telling speech in the play in which a fight promoter appeals to all the world to consider the calamity which has befallen the "Caucasian" race: it wouldn't have been so shameful if the black man had achieved eminence as an entertainer, a singer or even as a scientist, but to have triumphed in the ring—!

On a happily broad scale the play offers comedy, agony, still applicable social comment and rousing theatrical energy. The cast, by the shrunken standards of present-day Broadway drama, is colossal in number and sweep. It is a pleasure to see the stage once again take on size, buzzing and fermenting with a vast variety of types, accents, costumes and passions. Almost everyone has a taste for expressive spectacle, and in this instance the spectacle is vulgarly and excitingly American.

The Great White Hope is a bracingly popular play. There is no mystery, no private meanings, hardly any *avant-garde* pretentiousness. The writing is roughly eloquent with occasional lapses into anachronistic lingo. Now and again the play swings wild and muffs its objectives. Two soliloquies might well have been cut. A kind of "Black Power" rhapsody occurs twice and would prove much more dramatic if employed not as a declamation but as part of the funeral scene.

The effect of the whole is that of a giant poster. I wondered for a while whether a somewhat more naturalistic approach, that is, a more "interior" style of direction, less slapdash and "fair-ground" than the one chosen, might not have served the play's purpose better than the mixture of Brechtian devices (the actors frequently turn to us to make their points), with something like convention hoopla. (Brecht's productions, remember, are always spoken with great relaxation and memorable calm.) Still what has been done with the production works, and its directorial design, making the play rather more clangorous than moving, may be right.

What I have said here in regard to the script and its treatment also goes for James Earl Jones who plays the triumphant and tortured champion. His presence is splendid; his motor power and good-humored abandon are tremendous. Except for one excellent scene of pathos, his performance is almost totally without nuance. But in the end we can do nothing but congratulate this robust, hard-working, whole-hearted actor. Quieter and more delicate, as the role of Jefferson's white mistress demands, is Jane Alexander. She is genuinely touching.

The Great White Hope deserves its success.

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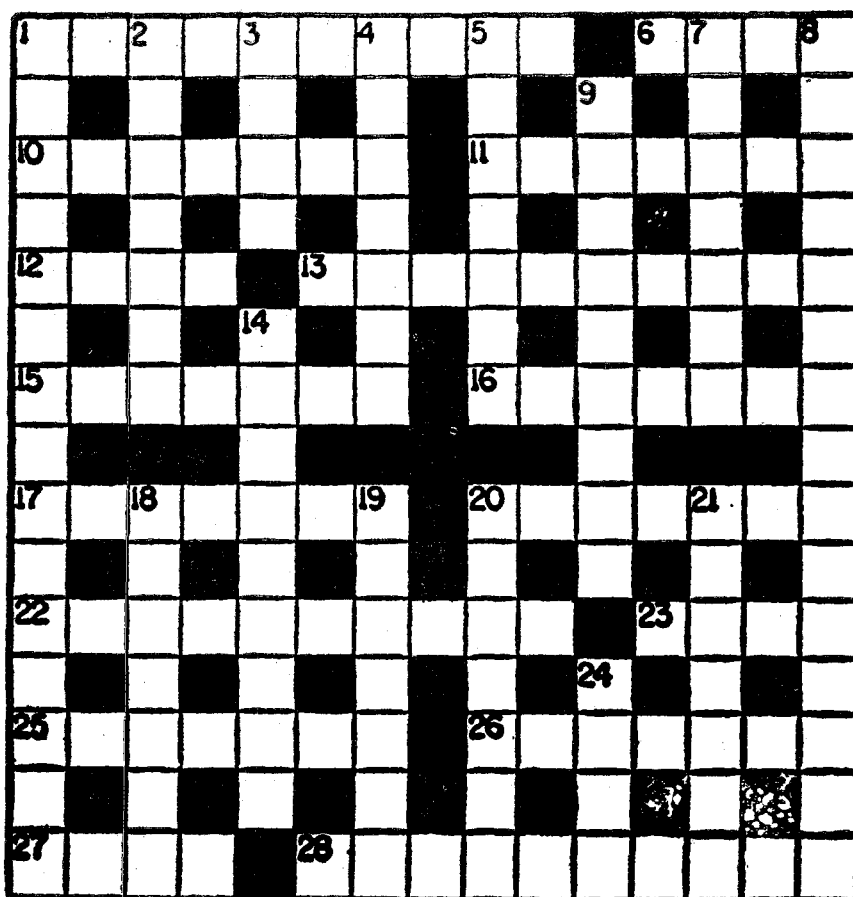
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1269

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 See 11 across
- 6 Uncle Frank doesn't get what one does to the unseeded as a symbol. (4)
- 10 A number in the manner well-suited to be held so? (7)
- 11 and 1 across Each one might mark "one-upmanship" in an aggressive backlash movement. (17)
- 12 Those not in could imply a change to us. (4)
- 13 Scotch or Irish whiskey? (10)
- 15 An interdiction on Russian waters? Don't concern yourself! (7)
- 16 Iron, for instance, or what makes it capable of pressing. (7)
- 17 Making things groovy, or just criticizing the sound of it? (7)
- 20 It might be expressed as a rule. (7)
- 22 Manufactures weapons such as Tommy might throw. (5,5)
- 23 It makes the parting sweet naturally. (4)
- 25 A striking deed to use for one's selfish purposes! (7)
- 26 Tell his stagework? It's very distinctive! (7)
- 27 Stone used in jewelry, sometimes associated with onyx. (4)
- 28 Is one thrown casually on the floor? (7,3)

DOWN

- 1 Seemingly intelligent crowd, not typified by Pi. (8,7)

- 2 But the old province didn't only take care of the blind! (7)
- 3 One might be slinky to toss a hoop. (4)
- 4 Attempt to get a few last words in for a biochemical converter. (7)
- 5 Good choppers should. (7)
- 7 Little companies represent a type of it. (7)
- 8 Is the watch so existing? At least temporarily! (3,3,4,5)
- 9 Beadle, perhaps, at an old-fashioned get-together? (You can prove it'll never fly!) (9)
- 14 One can be so taken in by this, it is acknowledged! (9)
- 18 A singular tool, in replica! (7)
- 19 Costing a little change, as one knows!
- 20 The wrong abettor to beat, perhaps, or at least stand! (7)
- 21 Things that are might have more baths, too. (7)
- 24 A female tennis-player? Quite a man, rather! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1268

ACROSS: 1 Key signature; 10 Noisier; 11 Inhabit; 12 Hoist; 13 Interpret; 14 Loggerhead; 18 Pubs; 20 Ostensibly; 23 Fair catch; 25 Rhomb; 26 Hessian; 27 Sundial; 28 Administered. DOWN: 2 Exiting; 3 Shift key; 4 Garnishes; 5 Atilt; 6 Ushers; 7 Embargo; 8 and 16 In the lap of the gods; 9 Status symbols; 15 Amethysts; 17 Estrange; 19 Britska; 21 Bromide; 22 Acutist; 24 Tenon.

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